Saturday Review

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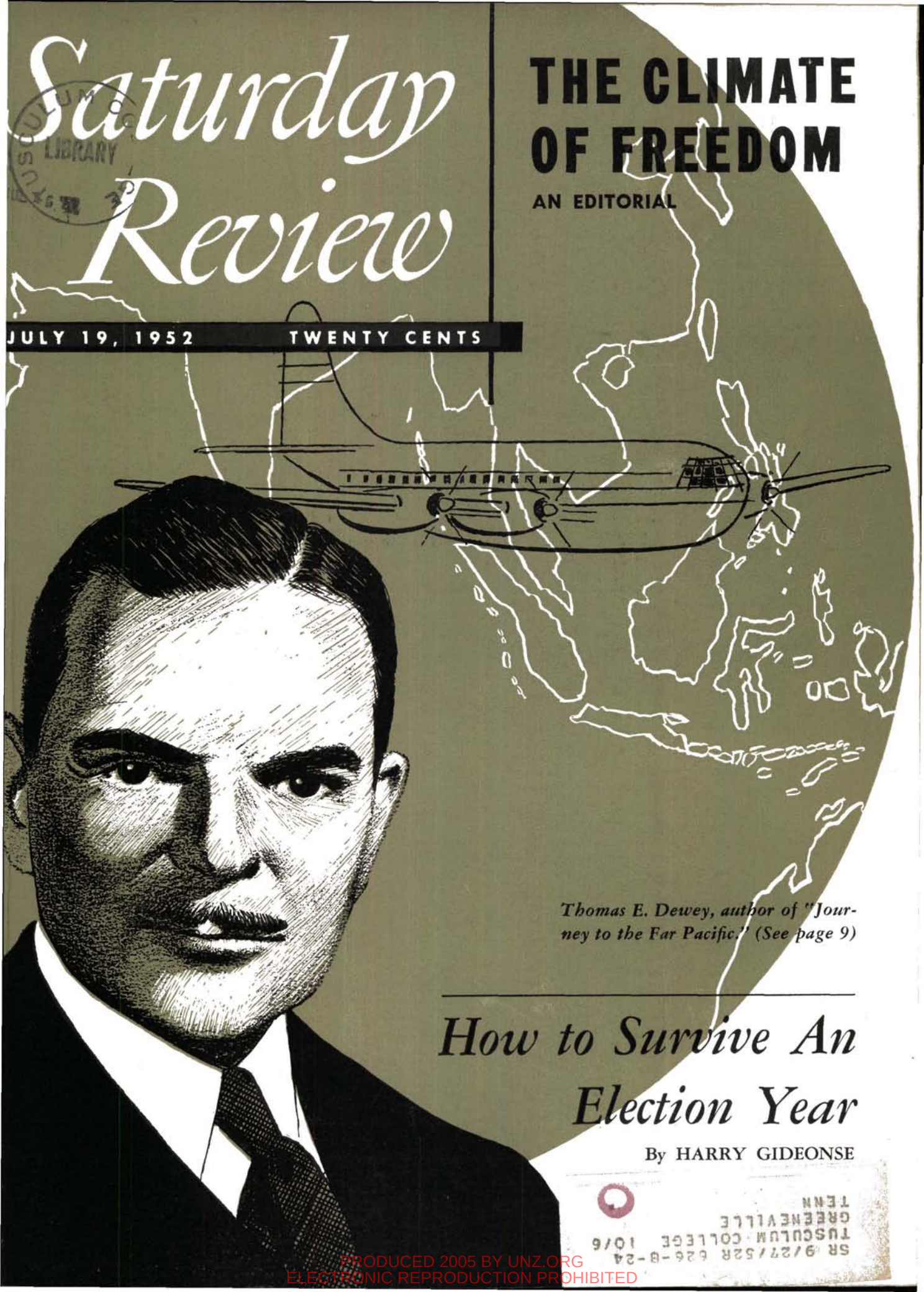

Thomas E. Dewey, author of "Journey to the Far Pacific." (See page 9)

How to Survive An Election Year

By HARRY GIDEONSE

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The Saturday Review

JULY 19, 1952

Cover Drawing by Hal McIntosh

SR/IDEAS

How to Survive an Election Year, by Harry D. Gideonse 7
The Korean Front in Chicago, by Harold R. Isaacs 9
The Climate of Freedom: An Editorial 22

SR/BOOKS

Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois, by Noel F. Busch
Reviewed by Richard L. Neuberger 11
Handbook of Practical Politics, by Paul P. Van Riper
Let's Go Into Politics, by Raymond Baldwin
Reviewed by William D. Patterson 12
Catherine Carter, by Pamela Hansford Johnson
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 14
Famous Chinese Short Stories, by Lin Yutang
Reviewed by William Peden 15
The Shining Tides, by Win Brooks
Reviewed by Pat Frank 15
Another Kind, by Anthony West
Reviewed by R. Ellis Roberts 16
Lament for Four Virgins, by Lael Tucker
Reviewed by Cid Ricketts Sumner 17
Postmarked Moscow, by Lydia Kirk
Reviewed by Harry Schwartz 19
Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl
Reviewed by Ludwig Lewisohn 20
The Young George Du Maurier: Letters 1860-67
Reviewed by Harrison Smith 21

SR/THE ARTS

Broadway Postscript, by Henry Hewes 26
TV and Radio, by Goodman Ace 28
SR Goes to the Movies, by Hollis Alpert 29

SR/DEPARTMENTS

Trade Winds, by Bennett Cerf 4
Literary Crypt 6
Literary I.Q. 10
Letters to the Editor 24
New Editions, by Ben Ray Redman 30
Booked for Travel, by Horace Sutton 32
Guide to Books for Young People, by Mary Gould Davis 34
The Criminal Record 39
Double-Crostic No. 956 43

THE SATURDAY REVIEW, published weekly by the Saturday Review Associates, Inc., 25 W. 45th Street, New York 36, N. Y. E. De Golyer, Chairman of the Board; Harrison Smith, President; J. R. Cominsky, Executive Vice President and Treasurer; Norman Cousins, Vice President; Amy Loveman, Secretary; Nathan Cohn, Assistant Treasurer and Business Manager; Robert A. Burghardt, Advertising Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Director; Ray Goodman, Circulation Manager. Subscription $6 a year; $7 in Canada. Member of Audit Bureau of Circulations. Printed in U.S. Vol. XXXV, No. 29, July 19, 1952. Re-entered as second class matter January 11, 1952, at the Post Office in New York, N. Y., with additional entry at Philadelphia, Pa., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature." Entire issue copyright 1952 by Saturday Review Associates, Inc.

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TRADE Winds

THE SMARTEST BOOKSELLER of the year, anonymous by choice, has been discovered by Bill Steven, of the *Minneapolis Tribune.* This bookseller raises poultry as a sideline, having learned that hens lay eggs even faster than publishers. One of his prize Rhode Island reds, unfortunately, turned out to be a cannibal hen, which ate its own chicks and sometimes a few more besides. To single out a cannibal hen in a large brood is a very difficult task. Sometimes it takes a whole summer of sleuthing. This was not the case with our sagacious bookseller friend, however. He simply segregated the chicks from the hens and fed them all some radioactive corn. Then he let the hens back in. The next day he tested them with a Geiger counter. The cannibal hen was revealed in jig-time.

A WEALTHY STEEL FABRICATOR spent the better part of the past winter writing an autobiographical novel but got only a publisher's carefully worded letter of rejection for his pains. His efforts, however, were not a total loss. He wrote to the publisher, "For two years I've been trying to find a way to get rid of my drizzle-puss secretary here. Your letter of rejection was so tenderly phrased, so eloquent, so heartbreaking that all I had to do was enclose a copy in her last pay envelope. Not only is she gone—but she thanked me, with tears in her eyes, for firing her."

HOW THOSE TEXAS OIL ZILLIONAIRES are going to sizzle over Edna Ferber's forthcoming novel, "Giant"! And what a parcel of copies they're going to buy! . . . . The Lone Star State is in for further glorification in two future Landmark Books: "Sam Houston," by *Time-Life*'s Bill Johnson, and "The Story of the Alamo," by Robert Penn Warren. . . . A group of well-heeled Texans lured Jack Benny into a poker game recently in which he swears the stakes were so high the city of Galveston changed hands three times. . . . One of Sheed and Ward's major titles for the fall will be "Saints for Now," an imposing anthology edited by Clare Booth Luce. A partial list of contributors and their subjects include Whittaker Chambers on St. Benedict, Paul Gallico on St. Francis of Assisi, Thomas Merton on St. John of the Cross, Rebecca West on St. Augustine, Evelyn Waugh on St. Helena, and Barbara Ward on St. Thomas More . . . . Doubleday is inaugurating a new Catholic textbook department under the able guidance of Anton C. Pegis . . . . If Msgr. Sheen heeds the advice of Bernie Hart, he'll rename his popular TV show "Sheen's Believin'.". . . . Dr. Harry Emerson Fosdick's "Great Voices of the Reformation" has proven to be one of the most successful religious anthologies in years. It includes the basic writings of Wycliff, Huss, Luther, Calvin, Knox, Wesley, and many other famous pioneers of Protestantism. . . . A press agent in Hollywood gravely informed the press that Hedy Lamarr was being sought for the title role in Marcus Goodrich's "Delilah." Wait till he finds out that Delilah is a submarine!

IN LARAMIE, N. ORWIN RUSH, director of the University of Wyoming Library, has arranged a noteworthy exhibition to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the publication of a novel that had a remarkable effect on the book business. When Owen Wister wrote "The

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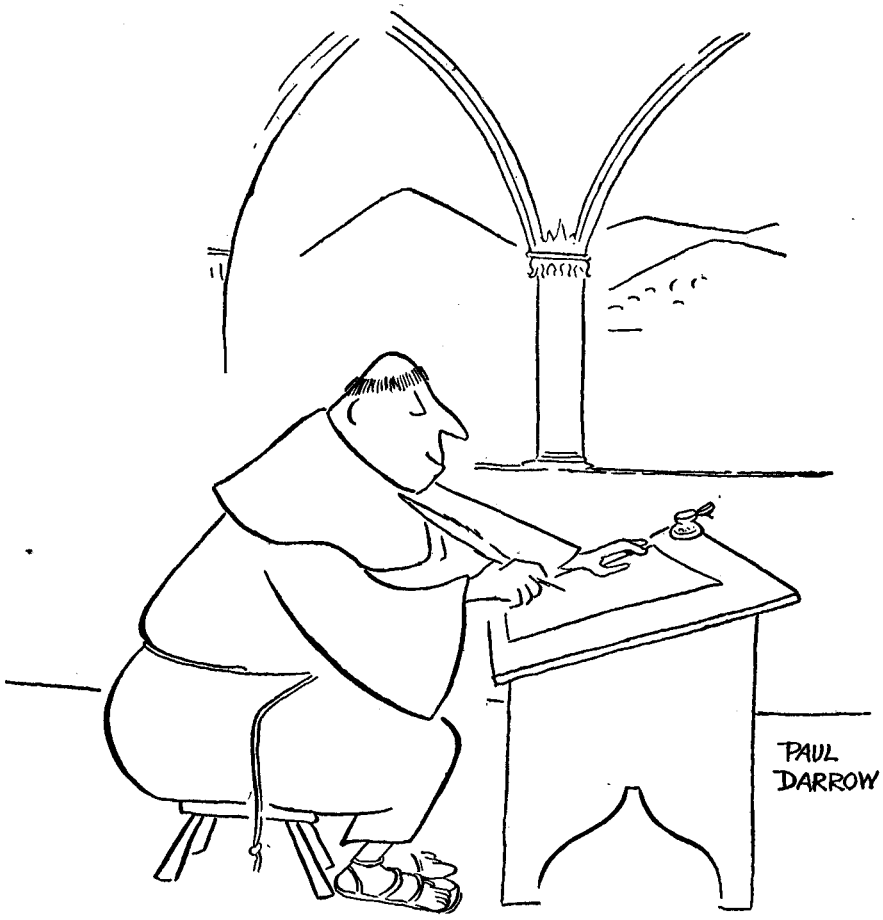

Father Reeves,
Contest Editor,
Dear Sir:
My favorite commandment is . . .

Virginian" in 1902, he little knew that it would sell over forty editions in its own right, and serve as the model for a thousand imitations. He sought only to write a rousing story of a stalwart cowpuncher who always "got the drop" on dastardly rivals, and warned particularly foul-mouthed ones, "When you call me that, *smile*." But the public, including President Teddy Roosevelt, loved every word of it and hollered for more. Wister not only obliged on his own, but tried to persuade William Dean Howells and Henry James to do likewise. Some of Wister's letters, dug up for the exhibit by Mr. Rush, will be published at the university later, with a biographical sketch by Wister's daughter, Mrs. Frances Stokes. Incidentally, Owen Wister used the phrase "the world is one" long before Wendell Willkie thought of it—in 1915, to be exact, in a book called "The Pentecost of Calamity." He also noted, "Pity has come into the world and grown great, while wickedness is no larger than at the beginning; it only has more tools to do its work with."

BROADWAY. . . . Shirley Booth, one of the finest and most winning actresses alive today, is the owner of a boxer dog who is just about as large as she is. The boxer's name is "Gigi," and just about the time Miss Booth is explaining that Gigi means "Good Girl" Gigi is apt to tear loose from her clutch and take a large bite out of your ankle. To further complicate matters, Gigi considers herself a lap dog, and has been known to knock over a six-hundred-pound safe in a scramble to settle herself, or at least a small fraction of herself, on Miss Booth's lap. Miss Booth flatly refuses to occupy a dressing room that is air-cooled, even when the temperature hits a hundred. Her explanation: "Air-cooling makes Gigi unhappy.". . .

BABES IN THE HOLLYWOODS. . . . Danny Kaye says that one of the most intriguing facets of Producer Sam Goldwyn's personality is his unpredictability. When George Balanchine, for instance, was engaged some years ago to do the choreography for "The Goldwyn Follies," everyone, particularly the boss, wanted to know the meaning of an elaborate ballet he rehearsed for weeks. Balanchine found it hard to explain in English. "It ees like thees," he finally conceded. "Zere ees

Who writes best about travel?

There's a type of literature called "travel writing," done by that rather dashing fellow, the "travel writer." It's pleasing when well done, sometimes useful to have along on a trip. But we don't go for it for HOLIDAY.

We don't believe that "travel writing" is or should be an isolated segment of *belles lettres*. Good writing comes first in our ledger, and we long ago vowed not to let the tag "travel writing" become an excuse for careless reporting and addiction to the superlative and the cliché.

Consider the novelists who have turned to regional reporting in the pages of HOLIDAY. Good novelists have the gift and the experience to see with uncanny clearness. They describe places and set scenes beautifully. They can penetrate into the souls of areas and people.

Among those whose work has appeared, and is appearing in HOLIDAY, are Ludwig Bemelmans, Ernest Hemingway, Phil Stong, Jerome Weidman, Hamilton Basso, Budd Schulberg, John O'Hara, Christopher La Farge, James Michener, Irwin Shaw, James Thurber, E. B. White, Roger Angell, Carl Biemiller. We think our notion has worked out very well indeed, and so, apparently, do several other million readers of HOLIDAY.

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Lament for Four Virgins

A novel by LAEL TUCKER

➡ The story of a Southern town, and of four lively young women who pursued love, defied custom, and waged persistent war against the matriarchs who dominated the town's society. Out of these buoyant people and their destinies—sometimes predictable, sometimes shocking—has come a thoroughly unconventional novel that will delight with its reality and wisdom.

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Reviewed by Irving Kolodin

a hundred girls on ze left of ze stage. Zey represents ze positive. On ze right of ze stage zere ees a hundred boys. Zey represent ze negative. Zey do a queeck dance and poof! Ze girls —ze positive—are now on ze right, and ze boys—ze negative—are now on ze left." Everybody looked pretty dubious but Mr. Goldwyn. He slapped his hand down on the table and announced, "I *like* it." . . . The head man at a major studio has a loyal assistant who recently bought and furnished a beautiful new home in the Valley, twenty minutes out of Beverly Hills. He had a bang-up housewarming party to celebrate its completion, then, just two days later, mystified the whole community by suddenly offering the place for sale. A malicious rival vouchsafed this explanation: "Haven't you heard? The Boss got lost for ten minutes trying to find it the other evening!" . . .

A salesman peddling unlisted Canadian oil stocks tried to high-pressure a girl who had just attained stardom into investing heavily in his portfolio. She insisted she'd have to think the matter over. Three days later she phoned him and said, "I've decided to buy twenty thousand dollars' worth of your stock." "You're too late," he told her bitterly. "I'm already in jail."

—BENNETT CERF

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT No. 474

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 474 will be found in the next issue.

QR SQTWX YZ ABQXQX

CW TDXS EFYQG HYSK

QLRYBERS AKERLW ERG

QLRYBERS YMMYXQSQYR

SY AKERLW. NYKR

XSDEBS TQOO

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 473

No man can be a patriot on an empty stomach.

—W. C. BRANN

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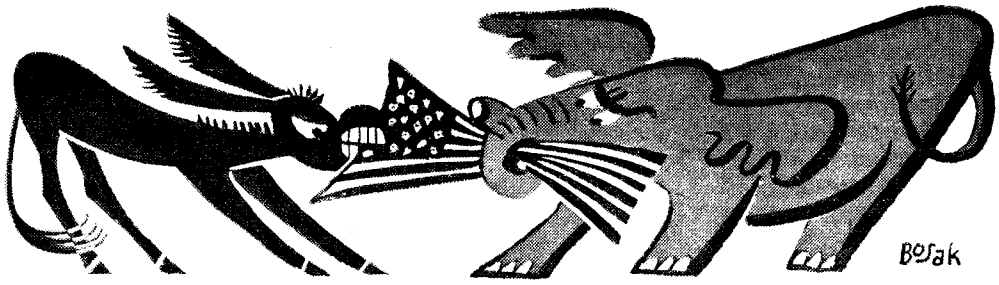

How to Survive an Election Year

HARRY D. GIDEONSE

Harry D. Gideonse

TRADITIONALLY, an election year is the silly season in American politics. Our national temptation to focus on personalities rather than policies reaches a characteristic climax, and political principles are so completely swamped in the flood of invective that we forget—on both sides of the political fence—that a Presidential election should be a choice of policy in first analysis. As an example we might cite some of the things now said about President Truman and Senator Taft.

President Truman is accused of "Socialism" although he is obviously far to the right of the leader of the British Conservative Party in his social and economic views. He is criticized in our great urban centers for his "lip service" to the civil rights program, although many Southern Democrats seem to prefer almost any Republican to President Truman because they blame the latter for excessive vigor in the civil rights program. On the other side of the fence, Senator Taft is blamed for a "slave" labor bill which is obviously supported by a huge bi-partisan majority in Congress and which has certainly not interfered with the effective program of organized labor. Senator Taft himself makes a virtue of his opposition to a "me-too" candidate although his record shows a belated adjustment in his views on foreign policy in almost all essentials—including Korea—to the leadership and initiative of the Administration as well as to his Republican colleagues in the Senate. He has even announced that he will accept General Eisenhower's future views on military aid to Western Europe.

Now there are some obvious weaknesses in the foreign policy of a country that has been remarkably successful in actual war and tragically unsuccessful in attaining its political purposes by its military effort, and an attempt to focus on policies rather than on personalities will easily reveal that these weaknesses have no partisan significance. They are rather a part of a national habit which can be illustrated with citations from President Truman as well as from Senator Taft and General MacArthur.

There is a dangerous—and typical—tendency in present American political discussion to discuss the use of military power as if it were an alternative to diplomacy. Diplomacy does not stop at a given point, at which the Joint Chiefs of Staff take over. A "muscular" formula in foreign policy, in which the President can speak of relying on force rather than on diplomacy, is likely to repeat the mistakes in our policy in World War II which produced a "victory" in which we had failed to achieve our political purposes. It is no consolation to note that the President's loudest critics, such as Senator Taft and General MacArthur, have supplied even cruder illustrations of the same fallacy when they advocate a policy in Korea in which the "test of war is victory," if necessary without the support of our allies rather than the demonstration with the support of our allies that aggression does not pay. After all is said and done, the purpose of the military activities in Korea was not to defeat the Chinese, but to strengthen the morale of the free world by making it clear that aggression on the "one after another" principle does not pay.

THE choice is not between force *or* diplomacy. The test is not victory but the achievement of our political purposes. The challenge lies in the question: How can we conduct a foreign policy based on growing strength so that we develop the morale of the non-Stalinist world to a point in which war may be prevented by the deterrent strength of effective allies, or in which the outcome can be victorious if we fail in that first objective?

Nothing is less likely to develop the morale of the non-Stalinist world than a purely military test of our policy in the Far East—or anywhere else. Nothing is more likely to isolate the United States in world affairs than a tendency "to go it alone" and to sacrifice political, social, and economic objectives in the development of effective allies. The warning signals abound—throughout the world, and not merely in the Far East. World War II should have taught us how politically empty a purely military victory can be if we do not achieve our political objectives, or if we do not clearly focus on the political purposes of military action before we engage in it.

If we wish to achieve our primary purpose—which is presumably the

Harry D. Gideonse, president of Brooklyn College, is the author of "America in a World Economy."

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establishment of some stability in the free world by the containment of Soviet aggression—we must establish clearly the priority of the search for common ground in our policies with countries such as Great Britain, France, Canada, and Australia. This minimum requirement might supply the diplomatic base for an approach to others. Without such a determined search for common objectives with the countries that are the closest to the United States in general outlook, we may succeed in isolating this country so completely that Moscow will achieve its political purposes by American action rather than by its own shrewdness and aggression.

Force is not in one compartment, and diplomacy in another. In a world such as ours, force should always be part of a tool kit which is available to diplomacy in its use of all the means of persuasion that are available in the pursuit of a political purpose. If Yalta and Potsdam are regarded as political tragedies today, the politicians who say so should ask themselves how much our rapid demobilization after World War II had to do with the "diplomatic" weakness of the United States—and the United Nations—in the years immediately after 1945. Was this rapid demobilization a party policy—or was it a national obsession?

POLICY and principles are not one thing, and power another. Peace as well as national survival is dependent upon the continuous and realistic re-evaluation of their inevitable togetherness. Historically, power and policy are always inextricably interwoven, and there is "power politics" in any situation—including the election of a trade-union leader or the choice of a bishop—in which the answer is sought to the question: Who is running things?

Perhaps an American virtue is responsible for our weakness in this area. We have a national tendency to stress moral factors in our political pronouncements—and "power" is regarded as evil *in* and *of* itself. The generation that wrote "The Federalist" should have taught us that there is an intimate relationship between the achievement of high political and moral purpose on the one hand, and the provision of sufficient power to accomplish the purpose on the other hand. "Power politics" can, of course, be shamefully amoral. It is, however, most likely to be dangerous in a community in which "power" is a specialty of one group of technicians, and policy the realm of another. "Power" can be "tamed" only if its use is anchored in a clear grasp of moral priorities which expresses itself in a determined pursuit of reasoned political objectives that govern the use of force or any other instrument of public policy.

"Yeah!"

"And We've Just Begun."

—Justus in *The Minneapolis Star.*

"He Likes It Hot!"

Perhaps our rigorous separation constitutionally of civilian and military responsibilities has contributed its share to the weakness of our political tradition in this respect. The obvious and desirable purpose of the separation was to insure civilian supremacy in the use of military power, and it is a measure of the political illiteracy of the present generation of American "conservatives" in either of our major parties that they can combine a general plea for freedom and for "constitutionalism" with the acceptance of the slogan that we should "free the military from State Department control." Our constitutional separation of *function* has led to a separation of *thought* which is hardly exaggerated in the statement that we seem to insist that policy ends at the point where the use of force begins. The political vacuum in which our Joint Chiefs of Staff operate is a current example, and Congressional insistence in the Korean issue upon clarifying political questions by testimony from military sources is another indication of the deep-seated confusion that surrounds this area in our political life.

Historical illustrations abound. Our military leaders may differ in many ways as widely as, say, General MacArthur and General Eisenhower, but our "separation" of civilian and military responsibilities led to a situation in World War II in which it could be said that it was more or less characteristic of all our military leaders—Marshall and Eisenhower as well as Leahy and MacArthur—that they were inclined to think that the test of war was "victory" and *not the achievement of the war's political objectives.* The same thing could be said of Franklin D. Roosevelt, who was an admirable civilian commander-in-chief but whose most serious political error in the management of the war may well be involved in his war slogan of "unconditional surrender"—a statement of a military and not of a political objective.

NOTHING is more striking in a comparison of our military memoirs of World War II with Churchill's account than the unreasoned American assumption that the purpose of the entire military effort was "to win the war," while Churchill never lost sight—although he lost most of his arguments with American spokesmen—of the crucial fact that military victory should be a means of achieving our *political* purposes. Whenever

(*Continued on page* 40)

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The Korean Front in Chicago

HAROLD R. ISAACS

LAST summer, Governor Thomas E. Dewey, who does not want to remain a governor all his life, added to his training for statesmanship by making a flying trip to Asia for a firsthand look at that source of so many of our present difficulties. His report on his travels has now appeared as a book, "Journey to the Far Pacific," the Book-of-the-Month Club's offering for the convention month of July.*

Appearing in the midst of the Republican conclave, Mr. Dewey's report underlines again a great new fact in American affairs: Asia, still so great a mystery to so many Americans in high places and low, has become a major factor in American life, in our present and future national health, in the shaping of our world policy, and, inevitably, in the hugger-mugger of domestic American partisan politics.

The realities of Asia and American Asian policy are obscure enough in themselves, enveloped in the fog of many wars, the hot war in Korea, the cold war along the other fronts that lie between the rival powers of Russia and the United States, and the American political wars centered at the moment in Chicago. It is a great enough task to try to see Asia and our Asian problem clearly even when the motive is only to try to understand. It is even greater for those who have the responsibility to decide and to act. The task becomes all but impossible, however, when even the plainest facts are smothered by the dangerous inanities of power-hungry politicians engaged in the business of using any stick to beat their particular dog.

Thus it has become an article of Republican faith, for the purposes of this campaign year, that the Democrats in power somehow "lost" China and that the Republicans, duly elected, will somehow "regain" China. This equation, stated or implied nowadays in so much campaign oratory, suffers somewhat from the absence of a few elements, including a century of irretrievable history, and the needs and moods and motives, the hopes and sufferings and tragedies of the Chinese people themselves which led to the replacement of the Kuomintang dictatorship of Chiang Kai-shek by the Communist dictatorship of Mao Tse-tung.

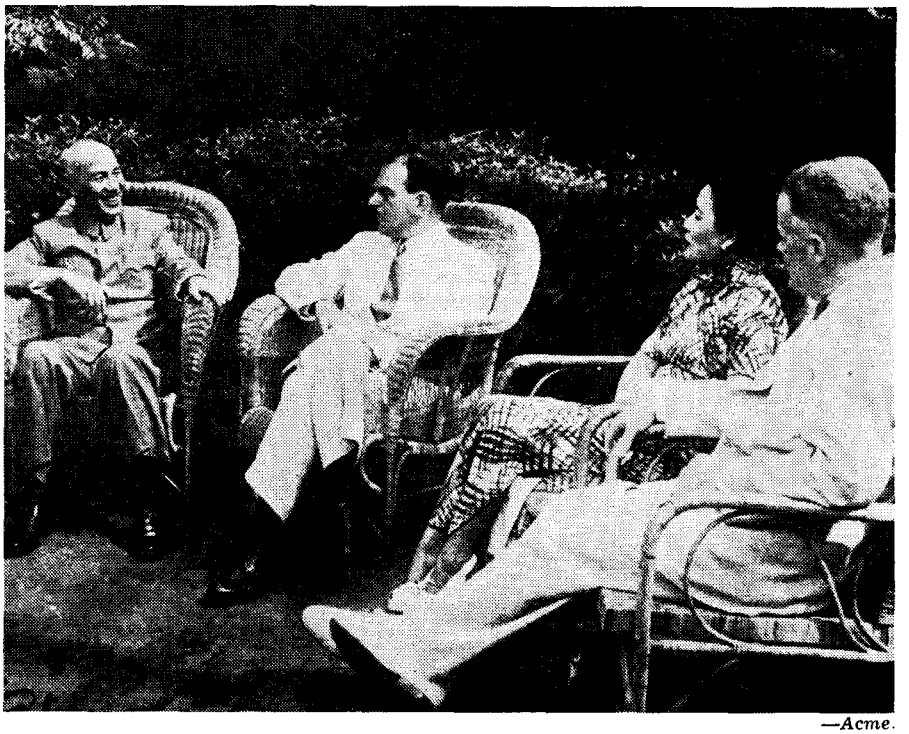
Even if the records of our time are not sucked down into some Orwellian memory-destroying chute, future historians will have the immense, almost archeological task of digging away all this simplistic rubbish to get at some of the underlying historical truths. They will have to retrace the long and painful process whereby the American people and their governments, by their failure to grasp the meaning of what was happening in Asia, suffered blow upon blow, disaster after disaster. They will have to rediscover how the Truman Administration, learning the hard way, was beginning to get a glimmer of the needs of the new Asian-American relationship, only to be beaten back from that dim view by the lash of an irresponsible opposition which did not hesitate to charge the country's leaders with treason in order to gain partisan advantage. It succeeded in driving the Administration to a decreasing emphasis on sound technical assistance and aid programs and an increasingly blind reliance on brute force, the last and least effective of the ingredients of any effective new American Asian policy and outlook.

This has been only partially an accomplishment of McCarthyism. The Wisconsin Senator supplied the panic hysteria, the deliberate abandonment of all the canons of minimum honesty and decency in public affairs, the kind of Know-Nothingism which Senator Robert Taft would not openly avow but on which he would not turn his back. For Taft and the rest of the "dinosaur wing" of the Republican Party, nothing was better tailored than the issue of treason or near-treason in high places linked to the remote and not easily decipherable events in China. They have made as much out of it as they could in their drive for power.

BUT this has by no means been the exclusive province of the mad dogs and the dinosaurs. The more responsible wing of the Republican leadership, to which Governor Dewey belongs, and which is identified by its "internationalism," *i.e.*, its support of the foreign aid programs and NATO, has not been above the effort to transform the distant debacle in

---

Harold R. Isaacs is a correspondent of many years' experience in the Far East. He is the author of a number of books dealing with the problems of this part of the world, including "No Peace for Asia," "The Tragedy of the Chinese Revolution," and "New Cycle in Asia."



—Acme.

Chiang, Dewey, Mme. Chiang, Karl Rankin—". . . will somehow 'regain' China."

*JOURNEY TO THE FAR PACIFIC. By Thomas E. Dewey. New York: Doubleday & Co. 335 pp. $4.

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China into a domestic debacle for the Democrats in the United States. In more gentlemanly accents, it has echoed the hue and cry and helped obscure the real dimensions of the blundering failures we have suffered in our relations with China and the rest of Asia.

The real failure of American Asian policy in those years has been the failure to find common ground with Asians, first in the vast job of beginning to create a new world and second in common defense against the threat of Communist totalitarianism. Working our way toward the most effective meshing of these related goals has been and still is the essence of our problem in shaping world policy and it is in this that our failure has been the greatest. The original impulse of the Point Four Program has never been allowed to develop effectively; instead it has largely been absorbed into programs with a basically military motivation.

The lack of common ground with Asians is being demonstrated again this summer when Dean Acheson travels to Hawaii to discuss Pacific and Asian problems not with representatives of Asia, but with representatives of Australia and New Zealand, even as previously, in Washington and London and Paris, he sought a common Asian policy not with Asians but with the British and the French. The same fact was dramatized even more vividly last summer when the treaty designed to revive a militarized Japan (negotiated by the Republican John Foster Dulles) was hammered through in frenzied haste and was able to win minor and grudging (and still largely unratified) assent from a few of the lesser Asian governments and parties. This pact, as Governor Dewey discovered on his trip, drove a wedge between us and even our pathetic handful of friends and allies on Formosa and in the Philippines.

Here is the real root of the crisis in Asian-American relations, although you would never suspect it from the wild charges being leveled at the Administration by its Republican opponents. Thus Senator Taft, the super-isolationist in relation to Europe, has offered himself from time to time as a super-interventionist with regard to China, not because he has any idea whether such interventionism would work, but because he thinks advocacy of it helps him in his thrust for higher office. While General Eisenhower has rejected the Taft insistence that the Korean war is a "useless" war, he has also said that the Administration must be held accountable for the "loss" of China and that he would, if nominated and elected, certainly seek advice on the Far East from Douglas MacArthur, who has proposed full-scale war against Communist China as the way out of our difficulties. Taft has embraced and Eisenhower has not noticeably repulsed the most irresponsible politician of them all, the McCarthy who argues that the whole mess in Asia is due to the fact that Roosevelt, Marshall, Acheson, and a small army of key public servants in Washington acted more or less deliberately as actual agents of the Kremlin.

TO this cacophonous chorus, Governor Dewey now adds his voice. It may not be an unimportant voice. Dewey is closely associated with Dulles, the Republican high priest in foreign affairs. He stands high in Eisenhower councils and, if the victory at Chicago has not gone to the dinosaurs since I write, he may yet realize, on a lesser scale, some of the ambitions of which the electorate has previously been so scornful. One may reasonably assume that it is to this end that he has sought to deepen his already sonorous voice by the authority of his swift and wide travels.

Swift and wide they were indeed. He covered 41,000 miles and "seventeen republics, kingdoms, territories, and colonies" in a single brief summer season. In some places he spent a whole day. In others he made a real visit of it, sometimes three or four days, in Japan ten. But the peripatetic governor was indefatigable and, as always, well-serviced by his staff. His facts, if not always accurate, are numerous and often oddly-assorted, ranging from matters of high policy, economics, and health to the most trivial details about the cuisine, dress, table manners, and habits of his various hosts. Nor was he any slouch himself at quick absorption. Like any good tourist, he spent a day in Japan's holy city of Kyoto and tells us: "As we drove through the city past shrine after shrine, I gained my first real understanding of the relationship between Buddhism and Shintoism." In most places his tight schedule was consumed by official receptions, dinners, and parties. But in between times he received deputations and visited various kinds of people.

To his real credit, he made one effort few traveling politicians have ever made: despite all sorts of disabilities, he did try to glimpse Asian village life wherever he went and

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

POLITICIANS

In a political year our thoughts turn to politicians. The men in the following quiz were in that field, some for better, some for worse. Blanche McKeown, of Memphis, Tennessee, asks you to name the stories in which they appeared and the authors who created them. A score of eighty or better shows you are politically hep, seventy or better shows you an average reader, and sixty or below probably indicates a lack of interest in the subject. Answers on page 36.

1. This man, whose life was devoted to music, had one political interlude which led to his exile to Switzerland.
2. A young fellow who came to a little town as a newspaper editor fought the corrupt faction and won the support of the young people.
3. A political prisoner held in a Russian prison for crimes he did not commit analyzes the steps by which he arrived there.
4. When the girl friend of a corrupt racketeer is given lessons in deportment to make her fit into Washington society, she learns from her teacher a new concept of democracy.
5. This buffoon of the theatre, beloved of the people, was in reality a spy during the French Revolution.
6. A newspaper man who entered Oklahoma during the early days crusaded all his life for law and order in his home town.
7. A young politician in the New York of the 1870's is supposed to follow rather closely the life of Grover Cleveland.
8. This story takes place during the Crusades, and deals with intrigues within the camp and with the Saracens.
9. A young American who was interested in the Loyalist movement in Spain spent three days trying to blow up a strategic bridge.
10. Acquittal came to this man, on trial for treasonable activity during the French Revolution, because of his resemblance to another man in the courtroom.

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to talk to plain farmers. Limited as this experience was, he did not come out of it unscathed. He had to "rearrange" some of his ideas about ordinary Asian people. "In country after country, talking with farm people, I found that though they could not read or write, they had a fine understanding of agriculture, of the good and bad points of their government, and of human relations." Pursued to its logical end, this single conclusion might well have rearranged all the rest of the governor's thinking. But for this, unfortunately, his tight schedule did not allow sufficient time.

Governor Dewey was traveling at the time his friend Mr. Dulles was negotiating the Japanese treaty and found that his self-assumed task of "selling" the treaty was rough going. Even Chiang Kai-shek, whom Mr. Dewey admires as "a matchless spiritual leader," gave him an uncomfortable hour-and-a-half on this score. The Japan pact, Chiang stormed at him, was another example of America's betrayal of her wartime Chinese allies. Dewey tried to argue back, he said, "but I might as well have whistled in the face of a China Sea typhoon." In the Philippines, he found the bitterness over the treaty "greater, more intense, more personal [than] even on Formosa."

On Formosa, Mr. Dewey was received as a friend of long standing and he faithfully records the view he shares with Chiang Kai-shek's entourage about America's "betrayal" and "desertion." His final conclusions, however, are curiously qualified. Chiang's Formosa army, he says, is a "military question mark" and it would be "unwise" to think of launching it against the mainland. It should be regarded only as a holding force for Formosa itself. But, he adds, "even if Nationalist China were as bad as its enemies paint it, I would favor supporting it as one of the forces necessary to keep the Communists from overrunning the whole Pacific."

Over almost all of his tour the governor was easily pleased by the men in power and readily impressed by the prevailing official viewpoint. He found Premier Yoshida of Japan "as close to Winston Churchill as any man can get" and in tangled Indochina he found that Bao Dai, the French-sponsored ruler regarded by most observers as a hopeless nonentity, really has "an acute mind and is a first-class statesman." He waxes positively ecstatic about the late General de Lattre and Britain's chief emissary in the area, Malcolm MacDonald. He is full of praise for all

(*Continued on page* 39)

Politics. This week, while the United States as a whole and the City of Chicago in particular catch their breath from the first round of the quadrennial political binge, is a good time to take stock of the spate of campaign books 1952 has produced. As usual, nearly all—biographies extolling the virtues of particular candidates, attempts to set forth programs for the parties to win on, essays at humor—are highly perishable prose. The volume most likely to outlive the present season and certainly the one most useful in understanding the forces shaping the decisions of July and November is Samuel Lubell's "The Future of American Politics" (*SR* April 12). A much less ambitious book but one that will provide aficionados of politics with bedside reading for months to come is George Stimson's potpourri, "A Book About American Politics" (page 13). A brisk and informative biography of a man who may well loom large in the headlines next week is Noel E. Busch's "Adlai E. Stevenson of Illinois" (below).

A Squire from the West

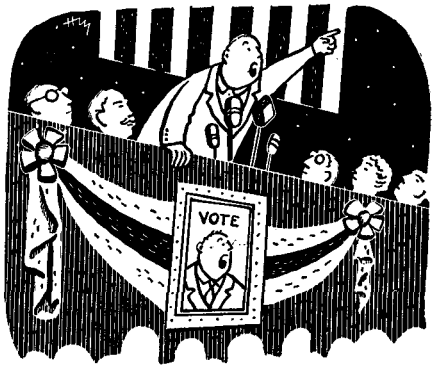
ADLAI E. STEVENSON OF ILLINOIS. By Noel F. Busch. New York: Farrar, Straus & Young. 233 *pp.* $3.75.

By Richard L. Neuberger

ONE of the discouraging things to the reader of this skilful campaign profile is to note by what casual and fortuitous circumstances Illinois got one of the best governors in its spotted history.

If Jimmy Byrnes had not spoken to Cook County Boss Jake Arvey about a State Department staff consultant, and if 1948 had not loomed as so dreary a Democratic year that party regulars spurned the gubernatorial nomination, and if reporters for the *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* and the *Chicago Daily News* had not probed the murder of a Peoria gangster and come up with a series of scandals about the incumbent Republican state administration—Adlai Ewing Stevenson might never have gone to Springfield.

It took a whole chain reaction to produce this political miracle, and the chain could not misfire at any point. Indeed, Stevenson told Arvey he would make the race only a few hours before the deadline on December 31, 1947.



The person who emerges from this study by Noel F. Busch is a sophisticated, to-the-manor-born Chicago lawyer who is still sufficiently new to politics to take himself fairly debonairly. Commenting on the vast Presidential boom in his behalf, Stevenson remarks, "I spend a lot of time reading about myself in papers and magazines these days. The awful thing is, I can't say that I mind it much, either!"

A few days before the gubernatorial election a friend encountered Stevenson on a Chicago streetcar. He asked how the contest looked. "It's going too well," replied Stevenson. "I think I'm going to be elected."

The trolley journey was in character, according to Mr. Busch, who has a *Life*-magazine penchant for details. Although Governor Stevenson receives an annual income of $50,000, including $12,000 from the state of Illinois, he goes around the Executive Mansion turning out light bulbs.

This is a friendly biography but Mr. Busch emphasizes that it is not "authorized." Certainly it is candid. We learn, for the first time, that Stevenson's youth was clouded when an "empty" rifle went off in his hand killing his fifteen-year-old cousin, Ruth Merwin. Furthermore, the book deals openly with the divorce of Adlai and Ellen Stevenson in 1949. Mr. Busch believes it is oversimplification to attribute the parting entirely to Mrs. Stevenson's dislike of public

Richard L. Neuberger, an Oregon state senator, is the author of "Integrity: The Life of George W. Norris" and many books about the Pacific Northwest.

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—Acme.

Governor Adlai Stevenson and sons—"long since found only on the other side."

life. For many years the wife had been interested in art and literature, the husband primarily in foreign policy.

In fact, many of the New Dealers now backing Adlai Stevenson for President may discover that he does not go all the way with them on domestic issues. Pages 118 to 233 of this book are written by Stevenson. They include his most significant messages. We find that he vetoed bills fixing minimum prices for cigarettes and forbidding the sale of used cars on Sundays. Mr. Busch notes that these indicate "his views on the subject of economic restraints generally."

Noel F. Busch is a talented professional writer, yet the ample portion of the book written by Governor Stevenson compares quite favorably in style and punch with that prepared by Mr. Busch. And Mr. Busch himself, describing Mr. Stevenson's intrusion on the national scene, adds: "Wonder of wonders, he was the first major U. S. public figure in a generation who in addition to delivering a speech could even write one, a capacity long since found only in English-speaking politicians on the opposite side of the Atlántic."

Reading this passage, one instinctively measures Stevenson against Mr. Churchill. Although the American governor lacks the majesty and imperial qualities of the British Prime Minister, some parallels do exist. Both are preoccupied with foreign affairs. Both fervently indorse collective action among the free peoples. And both spring from families rich in tradition. Jesse Fell, Stevenson's maternal great-grandfather, suggested the Lincoln-Douglas debates and persuaded Lincoln to prepare his only autobiography. And a grandfather of the present governor, a man also with the name of Adlai Stevenson, served as Vice President during the second regime of Grover Cleveland.

But Democrats, even those endowed with exceptional ancestors, rarely fare well in Illinois politics. Mr. Busch stresses that a candidate must be exceptional himself to do what Stevenson has done. In 1948 Stevenson was elected governor by 572,000 votes. It was the largest majority in the history of the state. Truman carried Illinois by 34,000 votes. Not even Paul H. Douglas polled as many votes as Stevenson.

Mr. Busch explains some of this by claiming that Stevenson is "easily the best all-around political orator to appear on the U. S. scene since FDR." Yet there were other reasons. All at once, Illinois had a governor who was not an intimate of the boys in the Fourth Ward but, instead, was accustomed to dealing with Carlo Sforza or Philip Noel-Baker. The political game was new to Stevenson, so he didn't play it.

Illinois's 500 state troopers had been pawns of the spoils system. Stevenson ended this, once and for all. He put the constabulary under Civil Service. The Democratic precinct captains protested angrily to Arvey. Looking back on the episode, Arvey said to Stevenson's biographer: "Of course, in the long run, the Governor was right. Good government gets more votes than handing out jobs."

Whether the United States as a whole will be thus purified politically was still a moot issue when this review went to press.

Hustings' Hoyle

HANDBOOK OF PRACTICAL POLITICS. By Paul P. Van Riper. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 214 pp. $1.95.

LET'S GO INTO POLITICS. By Raymond Baldwin. New York: Macmillan Co. 179 pp. $2.75.

By William D. Patterson

ONE of the most consistent, and most depressing, trends in American life is the declining proportion of citizens who trouble to vote, even in critical national elections. The campaign of 1880 probably did not confront the voters with issues as momentous as those of 1948, yet 78.4 per cent of the electorate went to the polls then compared with only 51.6 per cent four years ago. And James A. Garfield was elected forty years before women had won their suffrage.

The present Congress actually was elected by a minority of the American people, for less than half of the eligible voters—44 per cent to be exact—participated in 1950's mid-term elections.

This is not a healthy trend in an age when the fundamental principles and methods of democratic, representative government are being challenged around the world. The citizen must understand that in the political life of a democracy "eternal vigilance is the price of liberty" at home as well as abroad.

With another great national election facing the country this fall, the outcome of which will influence the lives of all of us, the citizen more than ever has an obligation not only to be informed but to play his part in the political process.

At this point the reader, if he is innocent of the procedures of our political parties, as unfortunately most Americans are, is entitled to ask, "But what can I do?" That is a reasonable question, and one of the best answers is, "Run to your nearest bookstore and buy a copy of 'Handbook of Practical Politics,' by Professor Paul P. Van Riper of Northwestern University; read it from cover to cover; and then act, and keep on acting at least until November. You should get some soul-satisfying results whatever your politics."

This is a guide for the individual citizen to effective political action at the grass-roots level. Professor Van Riper, it should be stressed immediately, is not interested in what or whom you vote for, but he is keenly interested in providing you with explicit, practical information about

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how to find your way around the political world. And this he does with eminent success.

He has assembled an informative and stimulating handbook for anyone interested in exchanging the cynic's seat in his living room for a constructive role in the local party of his choice. It is an ably organized compendium of concrete advice, wise counsel, and detailed instructions from many sources for practical political action. Many bosses themselves could learn something from reading it. Most important of all, the individual citizen will learn how valuable his vote is and how to do something about it, starting right in his own precinct or ward with his local leaders.

It would be a useful thing to place this book in the hands of every person of voting age. It might give a lot of party bosses a headache, but it would be a great thing for America.

* * *

THERE is a beguiling air of innocence permeating Raymond Baldwin's little book that contrasts sharply with the hard, practical experience in politics that the author actually had during his many years as a figure in J. Henry Roraback's Republican Party when it held almost unbroken control of Connecticut.

It is refreshing in its surface candor, and has an unassuming tone that is disarming in a man who served three terms as governor, was then elected to the United States Senate, and now sits as an Associate Justice of the Supreme Court of Errors, his state's highest court. These honors do not come to a tyro in politics, nor to one who is inept in that complex, exacting vocation.

Yet "Let's Go Into Politics" is curiously disappointing. This is because Judge Baldwin seems to tell everything and yet tells nothing, or hardly anything, of real moment to a person seriously considering a political career or seriously concerned with the recent political history of Connecticut.

Probably this fault stems from the background of the book. It is based on a series of lectures Judge Baldwin gave to students in the Department of Government at Wesleyan University. For such an audience his treatment perhaps had to be elementary and inspirational, rather than historical, analytical, and genuinely revealing. But it is a pity that when the author decided to assemble his lectures in book form he did not forego the charming, unruffled approach he used to the college undergraduates in favor of a probing study of Republican and Democratic politics in Connecticut, and in Washington.

Much of the material is helpful and interesting, whether dealing with local, state, or national politics. Judge Baldwin discusses the first step in most political careers—getting in touch with your local district or town leader—and ranges through campaigning for governor and maneuvering for Willkie and Dewey at a national political convention. But his ingenuous manner and temperate tone dull the book's cutting edge.

It would have been most stimulating, for example, to read a careful appraisal of the role that Mayor Jasper McLevy, Socialist boss of Bridgeport, played in the first election of the author as a Republican governor, and of Baldwin's skilful strategy in that campaign against the incumbent, Wilbur Cross, Connecticut's "grand old man." Why U. S. Senator Baldwin was not appointed chairman of a special committee to study rising prices he had set up over Senator Taft's resistance deserves more of a report than the one-sentence glossing over he gives it. Judge Baldwin has sat in many "smoke-filled rooms," but he does not lay bare the tensions, tempers, deals, rivalries, grudges, and ambitions that so importantly influence the decisions on candidates, platforms, and patronage finally announced to the public. The factors that entered into his accepting an appointment to his present eminent position by a Democratic governor would have been interesting to read, along with a full discussion of the progressive-reactionary split in the Republican Party today. (Judge Baldwin, it should be reported, has been a forthright spokesman for the progressive wing of his party.)

There are many useful and interesting things that a political beginner cannot learn from Judge Baldwin's present book. But one thing he would learn: that politics is people, and that it pays in the long run to treat people decently and to administer the affairs of a party and the Government honestly and in the best interests of the general welfare. And the student would learn that politics is, or can be, a noble calling worthy of the best in any man or woman.

Finally the beginner would learn that politics is paradox. One of the finest public servants that the Republican Party has produced in Connecticut, Judge Baldwin seems to hold in affectionate esteem a ruthless old wheel-horse of a boss who dominated the party and its affairs for so many years, J. Henry Roraback. He seems to feel the same bond of party battles shared and won with this spectacular old titan that Harry S. Truman still feels for the late Tom Pendergast of Missouri.

Politics Notes

A BOOK ABOUT AMERICAN POLITICS. By George Stimpson. Harper. $4.95. Through 529 solidly printed pages, George Stimpson plays a question-and-answer game with the meat and marginalia of American politics. Having served for years as a Washington correspondent, he has had professional occasion and an insatiable super-professional curiosity to search out the facts of our political past and our past politics. In the good tradition of journalism, Mr. Stimpson is long on anecdotes and information but very short on sweeping generalization. This being an election year, that could be a blessing.

You don't read George Stimpson page after page, sopping up one collection of facts after another. Rather, you riffle through the book, stopping at the short essay under a heading that catches your fancy. For instance, you may want to know whence came the term "political plum"; and, if so, you'll find a concise paragraph on its popularization by Matt Quay, sometime patronage-conscious boss of Pennsylvania and the G.O.P. Or, in case you don't know already, there is an adequate page-and-a-half on the Solid South.

Well-measured capsule histories of the major parties and their personalities, and the minor ones, and the tribal customs associated with their conventions are just the reading matter to have at hand during this year's longer speeches. Similarly, this summer and autumn, as you hear of the superb qualities of the candidates, reach for Stimpson and read his humorous two pages on the musical talents of several White House occupants. Here and there, it is possible to question his judgment and clarity, as his unsuccessful nine pages which attempt to differentiate between Socialism and Communism. But, over all, this is a book for relaxed read-

(*Continued on page* 38)

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Fiction. Like people in most callings, when editors whose duty it is to watch over the review of books get together, they are prone to lament their lot. Some are convinced that they can't win, especially in regard to fiction. If they take the easiest way and allot space to new novels without much regard to their merit, readers complain that they waste good space on bad books. If they review at length only books they consider commendable or of interest to large numbers of readers because of their authorship or subject matter and discuss the others briefly or not at all—as is *SR*'s practice—they hear themselves accused of printing nothing but favorable notices. Oh, well . . . This week we review at length five works of fiction, three of which we believe are good (Johnson, Yutang, West) and two that are fairly good but of wide interest because they are book-club selections (Brooks, Tucker). Of the Notes, most are misfires; a few, like the quasi-pastoral humor of MacColl and Wodehouse, are successful but not especially exciting.

Thespis & Thisbe

CATHERINE CARTER. By Pamela Hansford Johnson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 478 *pp.* $3.95.

By Harrison Smith

THERE was a quality of lavish splendor surrounding the Victorian theatre of the Eighties and Nineties that has never been recaptured. It brought forth the great actor-managers, from Gerald du Maurier to Henry Irving, who dominated their London theatres as if they were feudal lords holding their castles against the advance of barbarians. Shakespeare was their enduring stronghold while lesser bards wrote for them Byronic dramas in resounding verses. Their tours to the provinces or America were spectacular triumphs. Though they are now legendary figures, their triumphs and defeats and their private lives still attract novelists who are sufficiently gifted to bring back the glitter, the eloquence, and the opulence of a time that has passed forever.

In her latest novel Pamela Hansford Johnson reveals the qualities of imagination and romanticism that are necessary for her long novel. It is an unabashed love story written in flowing and occasionally theatrical prose. If the reader can imagine a middle-aged Henry Irving, a few years before the Queen had given him his title, falling in love with Ellen Terry when she was twenty-three, the theme of Miss Johnson's "Catherine Carter" will be established. Catherine was a short and intense girl who was born to the stage. Her uncle wrote successful poetic plays which no audience in the world would listen to today. Her mother was a commonplace widow, a managing woman known as "the little general." Henry Peverel had become the most celebrated Shakespearean actor of the time when she timidly recited in a clear boy's voice on his empty stage a poem of Robert Browning's. Catherine fell in love with him immediately; and when he had been sufficiently attracted by her qualities to give her private lessons, her gratitude welded her to him forever.

It would have been an embarrassing gift if he had then been aware of it, but his leading lady, an amiable and talented actress, was his mistress, and he was aware that his youngest player was far too ambitious to suit his overwhelming egotism. He suspected that Catherine dreamed that she might become as great an artist as he was. Although Peverel's ambition was to make the Belvedere England's great-

est theatre, he was unwilling to face competition from the actors who were engaged to support him.

They were divided in other ways. A flamboyant young actor from a titled family fell in love with her, and Catherine was persuaded to marry him. Unfortunately Malcolm Rivers was unable to reciprocate her awakened passion. Though a Victorian novel must be reticent about such matters, it is only too obvious he was deeply and emotionally attached to a brilliant young man who aspired to manage his own theatre in Manchester. Catherine's difficulties were magnified by his desertion and her awareness that Henry Peverel reciprocated her love for him. There was also her mother who watched over her like a hawk. As her capacity as an actress grew with experience, she still could not persuade him to give her more than minor parts. They were both, in fact, afraid of each other. Shortly after he was knighted by the Queen, Catherine ran away to Venice and waited for him to join her. Confident of his love, she was strong enough to leave him and join the company of a rival manager. Then for almost the first time in his career Sir Henry blundered. Against her protest he produced a poetic drama by the Laureate of England that was literally booed off the stage. He would accept advice from no one and least of all from the woman he loved.

Sir Henry installed her in a small and secluded house and kept scandal from his door by leaving early, on the convenient theory that no gentleman or lady commited a carnal sin before eleven in the evening. For two years the problem of divorcing Catherine from her husband was a bar to their final union. He solved it by taking his company on a magnificently successful tour of the United States and returning after she was free.

Even their marriage did not solve their conflict. She had retired from the theatre, but ambition still consumed her. Then suddenly he gave in to her and played Anthony to her Cleopatra, with the first modern settings displayed on a Victorian stage. It was a prodigious success and the perfect consummation of a novel which Miss Johnson insists in her preface is not a story of the theatre but a love story. The Victorian novel has many advantages the modern writer has dispensed with, principally keeping the lovers apart or emotionally divided as long as possible. But the warmth and the understanding with which the author reveals the natures of her characters prevents her work from any accusation of improvisation. It is indeed an absorbing love story with all the embellishments and color of a period when the first plays of Bernard Shaw and Oscar Wilde had not been accepted because the public demanded their actors and actresses appear larger than life.

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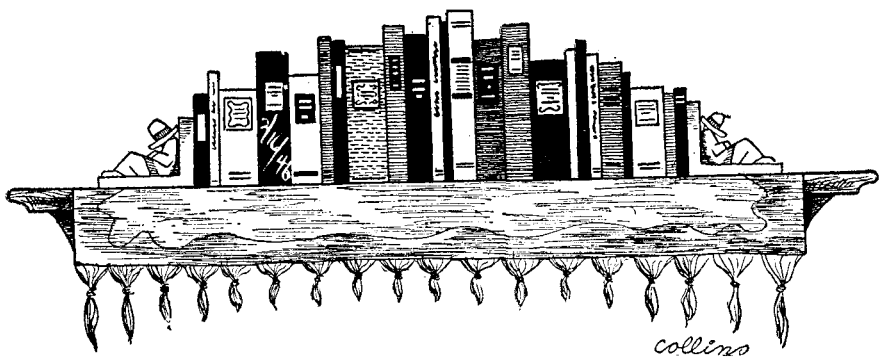

Light of a Broad Land

FAMOUS CHINESE SHORT STORIES. Retold by Lin Yutang. New York: John Day Co. 299 pp. $3.50.

By William Peden

"ANYTHING good and beautiful always lives," comments the art-collector narrator of "The Jade Goddess," one of the twenty stories which Lin Yutang has translated and retold here. The remark is applicable to the volume as a whole. These stories, tales, and sketches are noteworthy for their universality and their literary excellence.

Over half of these stories were originally composed during the Tang dynasty, in the eighth, ninth, and tenth centuries. Others are the works of anonymous professional storytellers who told and retold their vernacular tales in the teahouses of the Sung capital during that later regime. Still others are identified with specific authors, such as "Passion" or "The Western Room," the work of the poet Yuan Chen, the most celebrated love story in Chinese literature; or "Jojo," the story of a skeptic and two very affectionate ghosts, by the versatile P'u Sung-ling (1630-1715), the most recent author represented in the collection.

Dr. Lin has grouped these stories under the headings of "Adventure and Mystery," "Love," "Ghosts," "Juvenile," "Satire," and "Fancy and Humor." His classifications indicate the variety of his selections.

"The Poets' Club," an eleventh-century satire, with its humorous commentary on the foibles of a group of desperately avant-garde poets, is as timely today as is Joseph Gurnard's recent burlesque of T. S. Eliot and other British poets, "Poets' Excursion." One suspects that Dr. Lin has freely exercised his storyteller's prerogative to adapt and alter his text when he has his narrator comment sardonically on the poets who assiduously search further and further for increasingly esoteric references, including those from the Sanskrit.

Stories like "Madame D." and "Passion" and "Chastity" are remarkable for their subtlety and perceptivity of characterization. The widow of the latter story, grappling with the problem of proposing to the gardener whose "clean beautiful brawn" makes her lips quiver, reminds us that our most "modern" authors are the inheritors rather than the fathers of a tradition of seeing human beings steadily in moments of revelation, a tradition that was ageless a millennium before Dr. Freud, Mr. Kinsey, and our cocktail-party analysts.

Noteworthy, too, is the beauty of description that illuminates many of these stories with a warmth and light reminiscent of the Impressionists: "There was something in the light of the sunny valley and the fresh colors of the flowers and fruits and leaves . . . as if we had suddenly been transported into another world. Parakeets in snow-white and an unbelievable vermilion flitted from tree to tree. It was impossible to think of evil in such an enchanted land."

Dr. Lin makes no apology for freely selecting stories which have a "most nearly universal appeal" and for adapting them to conform to twentieth century Occidental tastes. The result is a happy one. These stories, written in a prose as fresh and clean as a mountain stream, are a timeless combination of sophistication and naivete, of good storytelling and acute characterization.

Imperturbable Womb

THE SHINING TIDES. By Win Brooks. New York: William Morrow & Co. 281 pp. $3.50.

By Pat Frank

IN THIS jittery time there has been a spate of books concerning the sea, and a surprising percentage have been successful. I have a private theory to explain this phenomenon, which I recommend to the attention of the psychiatrists. The sea is the mother of all life on earth, and our insecure generation, recoiling from the terrifying realities of the atom age, seeks escape and refuge in dreams of the universal womb—the sea. That's why books about salt water can outsell even the bustiest, lustiest historical novel, with an assignation in every chapter.

"The Shining Tides," a first novel by Win Brooks, could easily be advertised as a textbook on striped bass fishing, and for me this is its principal allure. It concerns very human beings, and their troubles, and it has a complicated plot, woven expertly and without gathers or loose ends, like a good shrimp net, but its chief character is undoubtedly Roccus, a gigantic striped bass that would go a hundred pounds.

As a matter of fact, Roccus, the fish, seems more of an individual, and acts with more understandable motivation, than the human characters. The reader *cares* what happens to Roccus, and to me the suspense was concentrated not on what man gets what girl, but on who catches Roccus. I am sorry to reveal that the life of Roccus, the gigantic and brave bass, ends in frustration and tragedy, while most of the humans live happily ever after.

All of Mr. Brooks's humans—Father O'Meara, a fishing priest; Manual Riba, a drunken fisherman; Stormy Force, the love interest; Jeff Maddox, a Coast Guardsman; Judge Wickett, and the others—all seem to have a common affliction. They all speak alike, and all of them speak in a stilted, Victorian style. Perhaps everybody on Cape Cod talks like that. I don't know. If everyone on Cape Cod talks alike, then I apologize.

When Mr. Brooks writes of what goes on beneath the surface of the sea he is at his best, and his best is very good. When he describes the fish-eat-fish life in the tidal jungles you cannot help but read on in fas-

Pat Frank is the author of "Mr. Adam" and "Hold Back the Night."

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cination. There is a scene in which a lobster ambushes an eel, and Roccus, the bass, kills and eats the lobster that is as exciting and vivid as anything I have read since "Moby Dick."

Mr. Brooks is a lifelong newspaperman, and is now managing editor of a Boston paper. Being a fisherman myself, I don't see how any fisherman ever finds time to write a novel, when fishing is so much more fun. As to his technical knowledge and the authenticity of his fishing information, let me relate this:

In "The Shining Tides" he writes of how striped bass can be caught while feeding beneath a school of pogy, the oily little fish that swarm in billions along the Atlantic seaboard. All you do is snag a pogy and allow it to sink beneath the school.

The morning after reading this passage I was throwing a plug for speckled trout off the Florida coast, when the water suddenly blackened with pogy, like a dark cloud beneath the sea. I kept my plug going until I foul-hooked one, and then left him in the water. In less than a minute a channel bass, which we call red bass in Florida, had swallowed the pogy and my plug. This bass still has my plug. He was a big one, and naturally got away.

A Conversion of Surprise

ANOTHER KIND. By Anthony West. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co. 351 pp. $3.50.

By R. Ellis Roberts

WALTER JACKSON, a fairly successful London architect, married some dozen years and with two children, climbs on to the top of a London omnibus. He there sees Anne Horne, a young woman of dazzling beauty, is infatuated to the point of insanity, only to discover she is, while friendly, a prostitute who has no interest in love except a financial one. Walter gets over the shock, converts Anne to his idea of love, and prepares to desert his wife, Margery, and their children, Jeannette and Francis.

There, stated as crudely as possible, is the opening move of a novel more intelligent, bolder and more delicate, surer in its portrayal of character than any I have read for some time. A novelist of Mr. West's talents could have made a fine and moving story had he been content to keep—as Colette, for instance, would have been content—to the purely personal drama of the two women and the man living together with the two children. But Anthony West has not been so content; he has made the personal drama at once a symbol and an illustration of the confusion that has overcome our world.

The time of his story is the near future. There is civil war in England and with the help, not exactly overt, of the sovietized tyrannies, England has a despotic government. Before this Jackson has lost all integrity, has gone into the racket of the black market and does not shrink from the consequent thievery and murder that life entails. Margery and Anne are friends, comforting one another amid the ruins. And the children? Not the least noteworthy thing in this remarkable story is Mr. West's portrayal of the children. I doubt if any English or American author since Henry James has depicted such real children in an adult novel, or succeeded in such a task as the account of Jeannette's dreadful demoralization and of Francis's gallant, irrefragable honor.

Anne, when we leave her, is pregnant and waiting peacefully for an experience which, before, she had always shunned and dreaded; and young Francis, always a wise child and aged by what he has seen in the civil war, is determined to seek knowledge from the stars.

Let me hasten to assure those who want their fiction straight, unadulterated by overtones or hidden meanings, that "Another Kind" is as exciting as a story of Graham Greene's. There is plenty of thrilling incident, and a wry-mouthed satire in the horrid picture of a helpless Socialist government displaced by mental toughs who, whether they are ex-Fabian, ex-Fascist, ex-Labour, ex-Communist, ex-Anything, have only one positive creed, Tyranny. We see the national events as a rule indirectly—as Walter sees them, or Anne, or Margery; and by some magic Mr. West contrives to give to them that brilliant unreality which is the prerogative of history until one finds that history real in the lives of men and women.

The Sky Lies Over

By Eric Wilson Barker

OVER and over our heads and over the trees,
Over all beasts and birds, all earths and seas,
What do we hear from the Farther Than Far Away
In the still, star-crowding night, in the blaze of day?

Nothing at all. It never utters a word.
All that we ever hear is the cry of a bird,
Or the scream of a dying star, or a crawling plane
Presumptuous in the vault, then lost again.

But nothing from sky. The sky lies over these,
And the stars that hang like fruit from heavenly trees,
Shine always under a void and voiceless thing
Silent forever over every thing.

Alone in the night I send a thought so far
It cries in a dreadful dark where no stars are.
Beyond all deaths I know it climbs to die,
But the sky lies over, always higher than high.

I walk in the fields, I hold to the anchored trees,
And my waking words are prayers of love for these,
And for simple creatures of earth that live and die
Within the ignorant orbit of my eye.

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The Long Wither

LAMENT FOR FOUR VIRGINS. By Lael Tucker. New York: Random House. 368 *pp.* $3.50.

By Cid Ricketts Sumner

THE small Southern town is so rapidly becoming well known to the reader of modern novels that it may be a good thing for the world at large to realize that such a town has as many aspects, levels, meanings, and varieties of people as any other, that it is not the peculiar place of dark abnormal brutalities that some of the earlier books would have us believe, that it is not altogether sordid or violent or superficial or charming or decadent. It holds a little of all these things, the emphasis varying with the author and dependent upon what he singles out to show us.

In "Lament for Four Virgins," Lael Tucker directs our attention to the lives of some of the more prominent people of the small town of Andalusia in the Deep South. The men, she tells us in the first chapter, have through their own fault lost control of their families and their morals, the women have taken over the church and with it the moral structure of the town. Since in the South the church or churches of a community are often a more important part of the general scene than appears to be the case in many other sections, the book offers an interesting picture of their interrelationship. As a clergyman's daughter, the author speaks with authority. The reader says yes, it could be, it probably is just like this. But is that enough? One goes on to ask, well, what of it? This reader found no answer.

We are given factual details of the lives of a large number of characters, we are told about many people, what they do, what they say, even how they feel, yet no one of them is explored to such depths that we are able to say on closing the book that here is one human being whom we have come to know, one with whom we have suffered and rejoiced and who has richly increased our understanding. Perhaps the very number of the characters works against the achievement of such an effect, although the writing itself is good, clear, straightforward, and there are occasional flashes of humor.

This is the story of four girls, best friends through twenty years—1927 to 1947—and of their relation to their own families, church, and town. Almost a third of the book is taken up with their youthful infatuation with the rector of St. James Episcopal Church. He could be happy with either, were t'other dear charmer away, as John Gay sang long ago, but he finds them too omnipresent for his peace of mind and body and he flees to a mission church among cowboys and Indians. There is in this part of the book, in fact throughout all of it, a great deal of riding about in the cars the four girls have received for graduation presents, much talk such as is easy and natural among young girls—"I couldn't sleep last night," . . . "We look like the wrath of God" . . . "I think I'll get some red shoes."

—*Henry Ries.*

Lael Tucker—"speaks with authority."

The next long section of the book deals with love affairs and the endless comings and goings of the young men who woo them through treasure hunts, cotillions, Sunday night suppers and parties at The Oaks, a speakeasy and hotel. In the end, mirrored in the eyes of the new rector, they have become "a ridiculous middle-aged virgin bride, a whore [though we are assured she is a Lady whore], a drunk, and a cripple." The steps by which they arrive at these various ends are not quite convincing. But some of the minor characters—the editor, the second rector, the lady who murdered her mother and got away with it, and Miss Sis—have reality, make us want to know more about them.

Fiction Notes

THE ABYSS. By Manès Sperber. Translated by Constantine Fitzgibbon. Doubleday. $3.75. This is the second novel of a projected trilogy about European Communism in general, and its split after the Moscow purges and the Spanish war in particular. The first volume, "The Burned Bramble," published about a year ago, aroused considerable attention. No novel of its kind since "Darkness at Noon" had told the sordid tale with more persuasion; and reaching back as far as the 1920's in its narrative, M. Sperber's offering was superior to any piece of anti-Stalinist fiction in its wealth of detail. In fact, there was much too much of it. But though not a good novel really, it remained a powerful book.

The reason why the present volume is less powerful lies in the fact that the climax of the inner tragedy of the Central European Communist intelligentsia, to which most of M. Sperber's protagonists belong, is over when the book opens: the Kremlin's decision to abandon its German comrades is past history, and so are the purges. Only one more shock is in store for the bewildered and disillusioned men and women, whether they still cling to their membership in the Party or have broken with it, as in 1937 M. Sperber did. The shock is the Molotov-Ribbentrop pact.

This, then, is a story of brooding self-analysis and remorse, and an account of some people's desperate attempts to give a new meaning to their lives.

The one figure outside this ex-Party-member inferno is the old titled Viennese historian and university teacher who, occupying so much space on the canvas of "The Burned Bramble," may roughly be identified as the author's mouthpiece. But while Herr von Stetten was a rather wooden figure in the earlier novel, he is the most human in this one. Tortured in Dachau after the Anschluss, von Stetten is brought to Paris by Doino, the onetime Communist group leader; and he dies, after brushing aside his doctor's advice, to rescue a man from mortal danger.

There are few similarly moving scenes in the novel; few of its personal dramas are sufficiently enacted to grip the reader. Even Doino's affair with a French girl who turns out to be more of a person than he has bargained for—even this love story, though well told, has little impact upon the emotions.

But perhaps that coldness in fairness had better be called restraint; it may have been within M. Sperber's

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intention. He has chosen to make intellectual discussion the backbone of his book. As to his gift for expressing his thoughts with great force and often brilliance, too, there can be no doubt.

—Anthony Green.

ASSIGNMENT STUFFED SHIRT. By René MacColl. Little, Brown. $3. Mr. MacColl, head of the New York Bureau of the London *Daily Express,* achieves the all but impossible in this surprising and welcome novel. He succeeds in packaging laughter. This rare commodity is most unexpected from a man whose profession has had him nosing about among disasters for more than twenty years. But Mr. MacColl's funnybone is apparently as durable as it is delightful. "Assignment Stuffed Shirt" is one

"My psychoanalyst can lick your psychoanalyst."

of the most uproariously gay books to chuckle off the presses since P. G. Wodehouse himself set up in business.

The targets for Mr. MacColl's burlesque bombings are numerous Government missions, publicity agents, press conferences, bureaucrats, secret agents, radio commercials, psychiatrists, politicians, editors, and writers. The geography of attack is both Britain and America, Mr. MacColl manifesting a fine sense of impartiality in assault and maintaining a balance between Anglo-American idiocies.

The central group in "Assignment Stuffed Shirt" consists of five naive muddlers, members of the British Fruit and Vegetable Processing Mission to wartime America (1944). None of the group has any qualifications for his appointment, but somehow, by virtue of the author's nimble inventions, they bumble through to spectacular success. They don't learn anything about canning but their range of activity involves romance, spy-chasing, a deluxe Washington "massage" establishment, and the Second Front.

The Mission members include Professor Eric Plankette, an indomitable public speaker and professional botanist who is fifty-five years old but "could have passed for fifty-four"; Dame Emma Quantum, a militant femininist who once squelched an attack upon her sex by declaring, "Remember, General, it takes two to make a brothel"; Sir Tasman Brown, a cocky self-made tycoon of the British super-market business; Theodora Breast, an unhappy spinster-novelist who discovers unsuspected solace at the bottom of her third old-fashioned aboard a crack streamliner to the West; and Anthony Cleft, the publicity sparkplug whose authority on the people and mores of the United States derives from a three-week visit to friends on Long Island.

Mr. MacColl keeps his story light and lively; it is full of hustle, hi-jinks, and hilarity, a summer diversion that for once is genuinely made for the hammock. Insubstantial, yes—but so are sunlight and a smile.

—Charles Lee.

FACE TO FACE. By Jeanne E. Wylie. William Morrow. $3.50. It is easy to see and to respect what Mrs. Wylie is trying to do in this novel of a Midwestern university town. As is evident from the passage in Corinthians I, 13:12 which contributes the title, the book is a celebration of the process of bringing out into the light matters which have for a long time been seen only darkly. Steve and Max Robnett, foster brothers who have been interdependent since they were ten, and now newspaper editors in their early thirties, have to learn to disentangle their egos from each other's before they can be really grown up. Polly Byers, a student in love with Max, has to face the fact that she has never gotten outside of herself and seen what Max's needs really were. Angela Campbell, a young widowed art instructor, has to learn why her inability to bear children turned her first husband completely against her before he died in World War II. Not until she faces the question of how she really feels about motherhood and children can she believe that marrying Steve could be anything but a repetition of her earlier unhappiness.

For various private reasons these four people intervene in a civil rights case involving a Negro's admission to the state university. The disastrous effect of their well-meaning championing of the Negro gives them all the shock needed to make each of them realize the sanctity of individual personality and re-examine his own relationships with the person he most loves.

So much for the apparent intention behind "Face to Face." The performance falls short, however, in several important respects. The style shilly-shallies between the uncritically reportorial and the lushly lyrical, and although the author has a direct and moving way of showing how children feel and think and talk, her touch sometimes deserts her when she is describing grownups in states of crisis.

The author's reflections are often cloudy and sophomoric and the book lacks a sense of humor.

—Dorothy Koch Bestor.

THE NINE BRIDES AND GRANNY HITE. By Neil C. Wilson. William Morrow. $3. Jacket blurb to the contrary, this work seems more a collec-

(*Continued on page* 36)

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Personal History. Five gentlemen reviewers take a look at the lives of five ladies on this and the pages immediately following. The ladies run the gamut—from the adventurous Joan Lowell ("Promised Land") and the hardy Ann Davison ("Last Voyage") to Britain's new ruler whose story is told by Marion Crawford in "Elizabeth the Queen" (all on page 31). The most important books of the group are "Postmarked Moscow" by Lydia Kirk (below) and "Anne Frank: The Diary of a Young Girl" (page 20). Mrs. Kirk, the wife of the American ambassador to the USSR, offers a perceptive woman's eye view of daily life in the Russian capital. The diary of Anne Frank, an extraordinarily gifted teen-ager who was one of the six million Jewish victims of the Nazis, has many of the earmarks of a classic. Somehow the British actor-playwright George du Maurier has wandered into this feminine gathering.

Enemies & Enigmas

POSTMARKED MOSCOW. By Lydia Kirk. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 278 pp. $3.

By Harry Schwartz

WHEN Lydia Kirk went to Moscow in June 1949, she decided it would be a good idea to write periodic letters to her children in this country so they might know what their mother and father—Admiral Alan G. Kirk, who had just been named United States ambassador there—experienced in Stalin's land. That was a most fortunate decision, for these letters, collected and published in this book, give one of the best pictures as yet available of life in the Soviet capital.

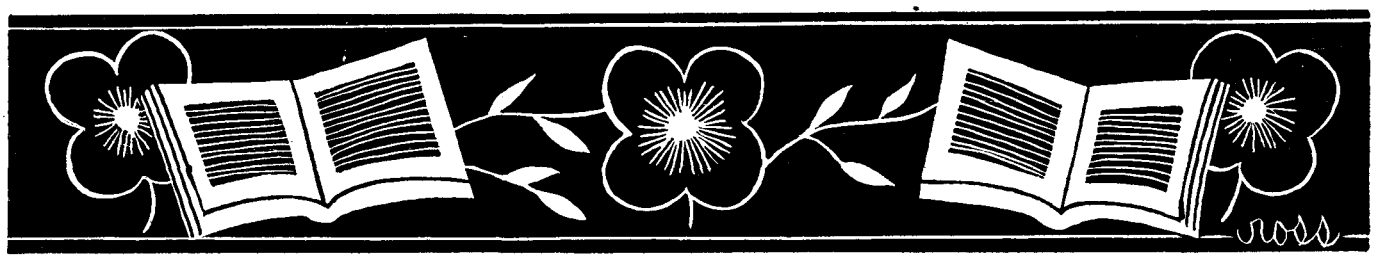
Leaving high politics and pontifical analysis to others, Mrs. Kirk concentrated in her letters on the sights, sounds, smells, and daily life of the people in the two worlds within which she lived. One world was that of the Soviet people. Mrs. Kirk could not speak Russian, but she could and did watch them on the streets, in the markets, in the parks, in the theatres, at social gatherings of diplomats, and wherever else she could. A woman of the world, she knew Europe well and could compare what she saw with life in other lands and other cities. The second world she lived in, and on which she is most illuminating, was the world of Spaso House, the luxurious ambassadorial mansion which doubled in brass as social center for much of the Soviet capital's isolated diplomatic colony; a colony cut off from human contacts with the greater life around it almost as effectively as if these diplomats were thousands of miles away rather than on the scene as they actually were.

The Soviet world Mrs. Kirk describes is similar to that pictured by earlier honest observers. It is inhabited by a vigorous, hard-working, tenacious people who bear patiently the burdens of a poor material existence, who love their children, and who accept as normal the idea that their women as well as their men should do the hardest and dirtiest kinds of work. At the higher levels of Soviet society—among the wives of high diplomats for example—Mrs. Kirk found a burgeoning petty bourgeois spirit, with new and strong interest in dress, in etiquette, and in conspicuous consumption generally. Her description of the Moscow fashion show she attended sums up well the nascent effort to ape the outside world's elite. At the other end of the social scale, Mrs. Kirk's eye did not miss the fact that "Sobering-up Station No. 9"—fully equipped for steaming drunks back to sobriety—was up the street from her home. But the most pathetic figure described by Mrs. Kirk is Madame Vishinsky. The wife of the Soviet Union's shrill and paranoid foreign minister, it turns out, is a gracious and cultured woman—one of the "Old People"—who must sit helpless in a society of crude parvenus who have little taste and less sensibility.

As the First Lady of the United States Embassy in Moscow, much of Mrs. Kirk's time—and much of her letters—was occupied with the chores of that position: running the large household, managing the quarrelsome and jealous servants, arranging for and attending parties, receptions, and the like. Of the trials and tribulations she encountered, Mrs. Kirk writes with a light pen, so light in fact that some casual readers may overlook the tense, cruel reality behind her casual style. For the parties, the entertainments, the masquerades she worked on so hard were essentially means of preventive therapy, valiant efforts to provide the hard-working and isolated embassy staff with the relaxation and relief from tension required to maintain mental balance in Moscow's xenophobic atmosphere.

Mrs. Kirk, in short, has produced a chatty, amusing, and honest book about Moscow's two worlds. A less urbane and well-balanced woman might have described these experiences in shrill and morbid tones, but instead one finds the grim Moscow scene transformed here into one which has comic as well as tragic aspects. Thus the secret police guards who continually trailed Ambassador Kirk become in this book, "The Little Men," each with his special nickname like "Salmon Shirt" or "Long Knife," as appropriate. Written by a perceptive woman, Mrs. Kirk's book is the best woman's eye view of Russia in many years. In addition, for the sensitive reader who would get a glimpse of the soul-searing experience that is service in the American Embassy in Moscow, there are abundant clues here on which to reach an understanding of how much our country owes the brave souls in that psychologically perilous position.

Harry Schwartz, author of "Russia's Soviet Economy," is a member of The New York Times *staff.*



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A Glory & a Doom

ANNE FRANK: THE DIARY OF A YOUNG GIRL. Translated by B. M. Mooyaert - Doubleday. New York: Doubleday & Co. 285 pp. $3.50.

By Ludwig Lewisohn

THE literature of the Jewish martyrdom of this age—a martyrdom which continues at this very hour in Hungary, Rumania, the Soviet Union, Tunis — has already assumed very large proportions. The first volumes, appearing from 1943 on, neither received adequate notice nor did they find many readers. A few people were shocked and grieved by this circumstance. But since the Western World had a moral pact with Hitler, it was not to be expected that that world would permit a retroactive bite of conscience to penetrate well-prepared callouses.

Now we have reached 1952. Another and perhaps even more formidable barbarian is at the gate of the city of Western man. It is possible that now—so very late and so very futilely—one of those voices of the martyrs of Israel may gain a friendlier hearing. It is a voice, moreover, which speaks a language accessible to Western ears and minds. The Frank family of Frankfurt-am-Main belonged to that comfortable middle-class of highly but not totally assimilated German Jewry. Herr Frank had the good fortune to have solid business connections and interests in Holland, so that he and his wife and two daughters were able to emigrate there in the year of Hitler's assumption of power and to continue life on their accustomed level until the German occupation of Holland. With that disaster they suffered all the humiliations and deprivations imposed on Jews and finally, to escape being dragged to concentration camps or deported to death camps, they went into hiding in a "back-house"—the "Achterhuis" in the title of the Dutch edition of this book—with five others and were there sustained and guarded by Christian friends until they were discovered and doomed in August 1944.

During those two years of hiding Anne Frank kept this diary. She was thirteen when she began it. She was fifteen when she died. She chronicles not only eerie and monstrous events, but her own development among them with a rare blending of insight, spiritedness, and sobriety. Perhaps the most moving aspect of the diary is Anne's complete inability or unwillingness to pose. It is the sobriety at the core of her which accounts for that. When she writes in one of her infrequent reflective passages: "Whoever is happy will make others happy too. He who has courage and faith will never perish in misery," one believes her utterly. Of course she was, as at last she must have seen, mistaken. But her faith was real. And it was so because she had in all other matters a clarity of vision which, more than any other quality, sets her apart. "I am the best and sharpest critic of my own work. I know myself what is and what is not well-written." And again: "I can watch myself and my actions just like an outsider." Her culminating insight, not too frequent even today among her class and kind, was this: "It is God who has made us what we are, but it will be God too who will raise us up again. If we bear this suffering, and if there are still Jews left, when it is over, then Jews, instead of being doomed, will be held up as an example. Who knows, it might even be our religion from which the world and all peoples learn good, and for that reason and for that alone do we have to suffer now. We can never become just Netherlanders, or just English, or representatives of any country for that matter. We will always remain Jews, but we want to, too."

The delicate, poetic, and yet truly restrained delineation of her maturing into girlhood amid the psychical frictions and physical sordidness of that unnatural imprisonment is another, though not separable, aspect of her diary. Anne was, intellectually and spiritually—and also, as the single extant photograph shows, physically—a human being of an extraordinary preciousness. But it is only just to add that, according to direct knowledge and exact documentation, she was far, infinitely far from being unique among the martyrs of her people. Children and young persons in the death-ghettos of Eastern Europe and at the very gates of the crematoriums into wh they were fed, left prose and ver left cry and chronicle, as poigna as the diary of Anne Frank.

A sturdy hope sustained Anne to the last entry in her diary. Three days later the Gestapo discovered the "back-house" and Anne was sent to Bergen-Belsen, where she died eight months later. How did she die? We gain an accurate enough picture from a survivor, Zdenka Fantlowa, a young woman from Czechoslovakia. Anne died of "hunger, thirst, filth, and lice" in the terrible typhus epidemic which swept the camp of Bergen-Belsen during those months. Sickness was not recognized in the camp. Men, women, children worked till they dropped. The dead rotted among the strengthless living. Many perished only a few days or a few hours before the British liberators came.

If Anne Frank's diary pierces the conscience of men in all its implications—the implications of her being and her people's being, of her life and of her death, that death which had nothing to do with her, which had no relation to her being or her life, that death which constitutes the ineffable sin and crime of a whole world, of a whole age—if that were possible, the publication of her diary would indeed be a moral event of inestimable import. It is a faint enough hope that this may be so. For a person or a people or an age that is sick is sick usually because it will not recognize its own sickness and will avoid the remedies that might be restorative. A million Anne Franks died in horror and misery; millions of human souls are perishing similarly today in the Soviet Union, in the "People's Democracies," in China. And of all the concerns of Christendom, *this* concern which should be the most anguished seems to be the least. Contrition for Anne Frank may rouse other contritions and from this one girl's diary a gleam of redemption may arise.

Ludwig Lewisohn has written many books on Jewish life including "Israel" and "American Jew: Character and Destiny."

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—*The Bettmann Archive.*

Spy lithograph of George du Maurier in "Trilby" [1896]—" . . . what a life it was."

Dull Stage Played at Its Best

THE YOUNG GEORGE DU MAURIER. Letters 1860-67. Edited by Daphne du Maurier. New York: Doubleday & Co. 307 pp. $4.50.

By Harrison Smith

DAPHNE du Maurier's devotion and affection for her ancestors has been illustrated in three entertaining books: a study of her father Gerald, one of the great actor-managers of his day; a family biography, "The Du Maurier's," which goes back three generations; and finally "The Young George Du Maurier," a volume of letters of her artist grandfather to which the author has added a preface that is a model for all epistolary prefaces. Her novel, "The Parasites," published two years ago, is obviously a reflection of some of the more awkward aspects of living with genius domesticated.

George Louis Palmella Busson du Maurier, a name he shortened to Kiki in his correspondence, was the descendant of a French gentleman whose hobby or profession was glass-blowing. His mother, to whom most of his letters were addressed, was the daughter of a lady whose scandalous love affair with the Duke of York had horrified English society at the beginning of the century. Young George had been brought up in Paris and Antwerp until his family moved to the house in Devonshire Terrace which Dickens occupied later. Failing to make a chemist out of a boy who was always drawing caricatures his father, an inventor, permitted him to study art in Gleyrés's salon in Paris. Whistler and another painter, Thomas Armstrong, were fellow bohemians and students who became his lifelong friends. A year before he returned to London to attempt to make a living he had lost the sight of one eye. Whistler joined him for a time in a barren studio in Newman Street, though he dined regularly in Mrs. Wightwick's house on Grosvenor Street while Whistler went off to an inn near Wapping Pier to create his famous etchings of the lower Thames.

The first letter to "My Dear Mamma," who was dwelling with his sister Isabella in Dusseldorf, was written in May 1860. A month later he wrote that he was clambering up staircases carrying his portfolio and knocking at the doors of editors who are always busy and always in a bad temper. Before the summer was over he had received his first guinea for a drawing for *Punch*, and Mark Lemon had given him an introduction to another magazine, *Once A Week*. Nevertheless, he had to ask his mother for five pounds to carry him over to October. He had loaned money to a friend, his landlady had sent him a bill, and Whistler had sent for his trunk out of which George had been finding part of his wardrobe.

George du Maurier was careless with money but never a spendthrift. In the five years these letters cover, with the exception of a final long and loving letter two years later to his wife, neé Emma Wightwick, his hopes had been fulfilled. "He was married to the woman he loved," Miss du Maurier writes, "he had two children, his one eye had not failed, his success was established not only as an artist, but as a much-sought-after personality in the artistic and social life of his day." For the remaining thirty years of his life he was never to know failure, nor financial worry.

And what a life it was during those

(*Continued on page* 31)

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Publisher, J. R. COMINSKY Associate Publisher, W. D. PATTERSON

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The Climate of Freedom

DESPITE the surface evidence of extreme mutual antagonism, red and black can be regarded as complementary political colors. This is not only a matter of similarity of techniques but common recognition of the ultimate enemy: the great political and economic middle. Communist revolutionary strategy, for example, calls for collaboration with the extreme right wing as a necessary step in the destruction of the middle class. The historic role of the right wing, as the Communists see it, is to do the dirty work, pulverizing free institutions and helping to divide the nation between extremes of left and right. When the final showdown comes with the right, the Communists believe that they will have numbers on their side. It is no accident that Communists secretly supported Hitler in order to destroy the Weimar Republic, nor that they allied themselves with DeGaulle, nor that in India today they are contributing to the growth of the militant extreme right-wing Hindu faction, hoping no doubt that it will assassinate Nehru as it assassinated Gandhi, thus disposing of the middle-ground Congress Party and clearing the ground for the final struggle.

In the United States today, too, Communism has its silent partners. It is counting on the self-appointed super-patriots to destroy the great American middle-ground, enfeebling the liberties of the American people that constitute the only effective answer to authoritarianism. It is looking to the know-nothings and the black-shirters to exploit the present atmosphere of uncertainty and insecurity by spreading suspicion and confusion. Communism believes that the way to make America impotent in the world is to deprive it of the main sources of its strength. And those sources of strength are to be found in the confidence of the American people in their freedoms, in their government, in their community, in their neighbors, and in themselves.

There could be no more ghastly irony than is presented today by those who in the name of Americanism are actually helping to prepare this country for the eventual triumph of Communism. For the more irresponsible and careless they are in their charges, and the more tense and uncertain and suspicious the nation becomes, the easier it is to push people to the extremes. The ignorance, prejudice, hate, and blindness of the super-patriots constitute the Soviet's biggest asset. When the hundred percenters indiscriminately attack our schools, our teachers, our textbooks, our libraries; when they wildly charge in against UNESCO and the United Nations in general; when they exploit the tensions of a Presidential election year to spread defamatory literature about great Americans, as they have done against General Eisenhower; when they try to reduce or kill off the civil rights of those with whom they happen to disagree—when they do this, they are wittingly or unwittingly acting out the role assigned to them in Soviet strategy.

The counter-fight against the super-patriots has been weakened, however, because of an over-defensiveness of many of those who have been under attack. There is a tendency to deny every charge just because a charge is made, rather than affirming our own beliefs and carrying the fight to the open arena where public opinion can be rallied behind us. If UNESCO is attacked on the grounds that it is helping to prepare the world's peoples for world government, then it is an error to burst forth with apologetic statements and denials. Let us face it: the job of UNESCO is to help create and promote the elements of world citizenship. When faced with such a "charge," let us by all means affirm it from the housetops. Let us say that we are moving heaven and earth to create a human community on this planet, that world citizenship is the ultimate goal and no one need apologize for it, unless we feel we should also apologize because we happen to be members of the human race.

And as it concerns world government, let us not be so timid that we will back away from the greatest cause and ideal of our time, which is to invest the United Nations with sufficient strength to keep the peace, to protect peoples against aggression, to make and enforce world law, to secure for peoples the right to develop their own institutions. We say, and we are glad to say it, that we believe in such a world government of limited powers through the United Nations, and we will continue to work for it as our best chance of fulfilling human hope and promoting freedom. Since we are not anarchists, we no more believe that the world should be without responsible government than we believe our own particular strip of the North American continent should be without government.

We are not frightened by the argument that world government will demolish our sovereignty because we

July Morning

By Elizabeth Coatsworth

THE cicada sang one longdrawn note.
Like a blow upon a wire of bronze
it twanged in the hot air, then was still
and the birds were still, but the bees still hummed
in the pendant blossoms of the linden tree,
the blossoms stained like stained ivory
sweet on the hot, hot air. Far away
the engine hooted; the sound came loud
on the wet still air, and we were still
to listen as it came thundering
along its tracks at the end of the lake
and the bell at the crossing, seldom heard,
rang and rang to the empty road,
rang and rang in the fierce still heat.

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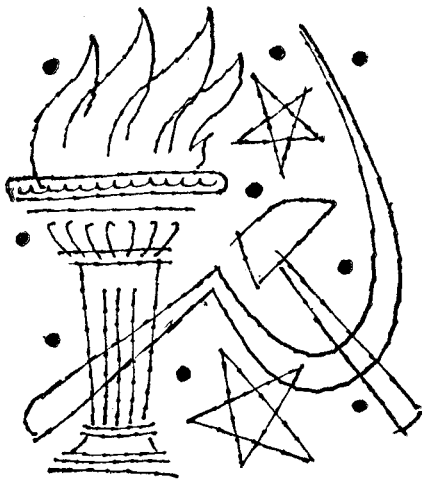

know that only a world government can preserve the essential sovereignties of individual peoples. Because the United Nations lacks adequate powers to enforce the peace, Russia today is exercising our sovereign rights, deciding what our taxes are to be, what the pressures are to be on our economy and civil liberties, and whether American men shall fight and die in Korea. These aspects of our sovereignty we have already lost and they can be regained only if a workable system of world law can be created that will enable us to be secure and to release our vast energies for constructive purposes.

THE important question for us to decide is not whether we want world government, but, rather, what kind of world government do we want? For world government is coming. There are only these questions: What are the circumstances under which it will come about? Will it come about as the inevitable result of a third world war, or will it come about in time to avert it? In either case—whether before or after a war—will it be a government of strictly limited powers—powers limited to the common safety—or will it be an authoritarian government with tyrannical powers over all peoples? In other words, will it be a government in which free peoples can maintain and enlarge their freedoms, pooling strength and jurisdiction in the creation of world law, or will it be a government with extended powers operating not through common sanction but through force? What kind of world government are *we* working for?

These are the most important questions America can discuss in a Presidential election year. It would be a shame if we failed to discuss them because we are scared off by name-callers who have yet to advance a positive or purposeful idea of their own. —N. C.

Good News

▶ Rural School District No. 16 of Dawson County, Nebraska, is situated on the Buffalo Road, equidistant from the two towns of Lexington (population 5,800) and Cozad (population 3,000) each of which claims to be the "alfalfa shipping center of the world." The forty pupils who attend the new brick schoolhouse all live on farms, some of which get their mail and telephone service via Cozad, while others are serviced through Lexington. The school children have been spending their recesses and noon hours debating the advantages and disadvantages of each town and their violent partisanship mystified one of their classmates, six-year-old Beth Seberger. Beth returned home recently and asked her mother: "Mamma, who is God for? Lexington or Cozad?" Mrs Seberger, who writes a weekly column for several newspapers, told her readers of the child's question.

At their next regular session the Lexington City Council discussed the question and took time to affix their signatures on a resolution to be mailed to Beth. The resolution reads:

"Whereas, Miss Beth Seberger of Cozad, Neb., has publicly raised the question of whether God is for Lexington or Cozad. . . .

"Now therefore, be it resolved by the members of the Council of the City of Lexington, Nebraska:

"Section 1. That we believe that God looks with equal favor upon Lexington and our neighboring City of Cozad, as well as upon all cities, states, and nations that endeavor to act and live according to His commandments.

"Section 2. That, whether or not God is for Lexington, we believe it to be of greatest importance that we be for Him and His precepts.

"Section 3. That this resolution be duly signed and attested, and forwarded to Miss Beth Seberger, of Cozad, Nebraska."

Little Miss Beth thanked the Lexington City Council for the resolution and commented: "The kids at school still fight over which is best—Cozad or Lexington—but when I say my prayers at night, I always say, 'God bless Lexington and Cozad.' And I know God likes all of you, too."

▶ Floodlighting of a lighthouse has been tried in Sweden as a means of saving the lives of thousands of birds which, attracted by the light of the beacon, have crashed against its walls at night. The first lighthouse to adopt this method is Långe Jan, or Long John, on the island of Öland in the Baltic Sea, a favorite passage for hundreds of thousands of migratory birds. While formerly the staff of Long John used to find daily numerous dead or dying birds, it is now reported that the migratory birds use the rock of the floodlit tower as a resting place on their way to and from Scandinavia.

▶ Walt Whitman's "Leaves of Grass" has been translated into Hebrew by Dr. Simon Halkin, of the Hebrew University, and is currently displayed in Israel bookstores. The 550-page book is entitled "Alei Esev."

Bookmarks

THE pleasantly informal *Report from the Folger Library,* an agreeable serial summary of the activities of a noble institution, recently made the unequivocal statement: "Of all subjects of literary study, Shakespeare has suffered most from 'research.'" This is as if a butcher should warn his customers against the deleterious effects of porterhouse.

* * *

Some day we hope to be able to push an advertising copywriter into a corner and leave him there until he tells us exactly what "full-bodied" is supposed to mean.

* * *

Writer, mind your mannerisms. Such minor annoyances as inverted sentences, the omission of *and,* ellipses, overhyphenating, underhyphenating, excessive use of leaders, fancy phrasing, elaborately plain phrasing, quickly turn into major irritants, and before you know it, you have lost a reader and created a critic.

* * *

In "The Confident Years," Van Wyck Brooks footnotes that "as perhaps the first writer of the motoring age, Edith Wharton communicated the freshness of the feeling of this new mode of travel, like the freshness of Emerson's and Emily Dickinson's feeling about the railroad." Mr. Brooks, of course, is not concerned with actual first books to mention automobiles and railroads. But this department is. What, then, were the first American novels (let's confine the quest to novels) in which the steamboat, the railroad, the telephone, the typewriter, the automobile, and any other revolutionary devices that may come to mind received mention—mention, that is, as actualities, something the characters saw or used? Obviously the search will involve considerable trial and error. Early responders will be predated by later, the pre-daters by pre-pre-daters. —J. T. W.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

"Doublethink"

▶ ELMER DAVIS'S "History in Doublethink" [*SR* June 28] is another bit of evidence exposing the failure of our "liberal thinkers" to be just that when it comes to appraisal of Communism. Whenever anybody attacks it, somehow they find a way to defend it. This defense takes many forms. The commonest is discrediting the anti-Communists as this article succeeds in doing.

It is perfectly true what Davis has to say about ex-Communists and their hysterics. They are clearly as unreliable and one-sided as he says. The pertinent fact is that up to recently they were the only speakers against Communism. We all sought to have a better knowledge of the nature of the thing and instinctively tried to learn the facts. The only people that took up the problem were crackpots, mavericks, McCarthys, and ex-Communists. Our "thinkers" and liberal publications confined themselves to admittedly justifiable exposures of the weaknesses of these sources, but did nothing themselves to learn and present the facts until they became so glaring that no dodging was possible any more.

MILAN D. POPOVIC.

Califon, N. J.

Ex-Communists

▶ "HISTORY IN DOUBLETHINK" is written in doubletalk, but it does introduce one sad fact: that twenty years ago not very many people paid any attention to the then Communists. Elmer Davis was not one of that intelligent and wary minority, but though he takes up three pages of your valuable space to slur the "ex-Communists" he says that we should pay no more attention to them now than we did then. It seems to me that we should have paid more attention to them then, and that we are quite justified in paying serious attention to them now. Certainly, they qualify as expert witnesses on the activities of the so-called Communist Party.

Davis asserts that the ex-Communists are now perverting history, though he is inclined to believe Whittaker Chambers (with some reservations). The gentleman winds up his screed by assuming that "ex-Communists" all "know" that press and radio and schools and colleges are all controlled by the Communists and that the Roosevelt Administration had its critics shot. What a synthetic target to shoot at! Pardon me—but "one becomes bored."

LAMBERT FAIRCHILD.

Committee for Republican Integrity,
New York, N. Y.

Backslide

▶ WITH AT LEAST 80 per cent of Elmer Davis's reasoning in his "History in Doublethink" it would be hard to disagree. But there is one element of illogic in the remaining area that needs attention.

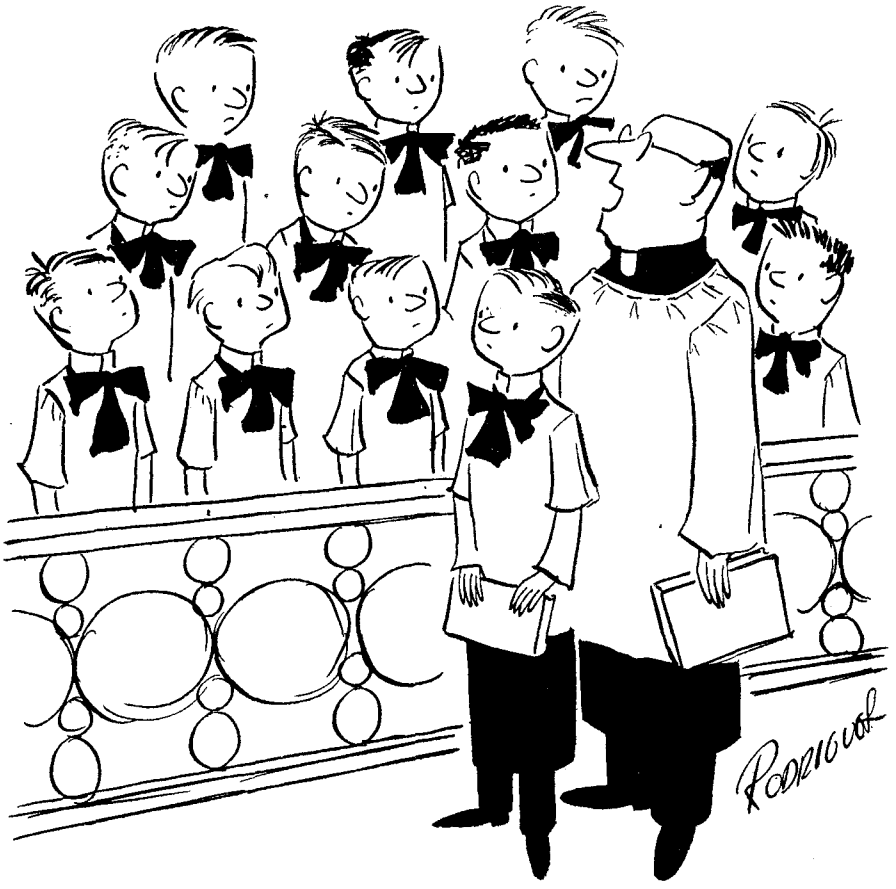
It is not true that people whose status changes from Communist to ex-Communist must necessarily pass "through a hundred-and-eighty-degree turn in their opinion." On the contrary, any person who remained constant in his opinion for the last quarter-century found it impossible to remain Communist in his politics. To *continue* in the Communist faith through such switches in the Party line as occurred in August of 1939 and in June of 1941 would have required hundred-and-eighty-degree turns.

It is possible to pass from Communism to anti-Communism simply by standing still. As it happened, nobody ever solicited me very hard, but back in the days when Communism was associated domestically with racial equity, child labor reforms, and abroad with the Loyalist cause in Spain, it would have been at least as easy to sell me a Party card as to sell me a life insurance policy.

Inevitably, and amusingly, this is equally true of the obverse. To *oppose* Communist philosophy through every twist and turn requires the same sacrifice of consistency as blindly to support it. It is the man who supports Franco and opposes Stalin (as does Chambers) who is inconsistent, not the man who opposes them both. I almost wish I had picked up a Party card in the 1930's. It would be fun to tell, and to prove to, a Senate inquiry group that the Communists had joined *me* for a while, but had thereafter backslid.

DIGBY B. WHITMAN.

Winthrop, Mass.



"Craddock's voice has begun to crack. Let's all wish him Godspeed."

Paper Covers

▶ IAN BALLANTINE'S letter [*SR* June 28] concerning his organization's plan for simultaneous hard-cover and paper publication of original material certainly strikes a welcome note. While his letter is primarily concerned with the benefits to writers, to me the most encouraging part of the plan lies in the prospect of relief for readers.

For some time now articles and letters have been appearing in SR bewailing the perils and problems of publishing. All kinds of reasons have been suggested for the 10,000 to 15,000 copy sale of the average book. I have long been of the opinion that the primary reason is economic. With novels selling at three to five dollars, is it any wonder that it's difficult to sell more than 10,000 copies? I, for one, can't afford to pay it. Accordingly, the dollars in my book budget are being spent for paper editions, cheap hard-cover reprints, and used books.

The astronomical sales figures of pa-

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per-bound editions show that there are millions of people in this country who still enjoy reading. The correspondingly miserable sales of hard-cover editions indicate that these same millions cannot afford three dollar books.

Three cheers for the man who's doing something about it.

TRUE A. RICE, JR.

Leavenworth, Kansas.

Eve's Coccyx

▶ MISS BLANCHE MULLEN writes [*SR* June 21]:

> When man was first created
> No *super-femme* was there
> For Eve, the story plainly states,
> Was made from Adam's "spare"!

Without wishing to appear irreverent may I endeavor to correct a long-standing error enshrined in this verse? It is the statement that woman was created from a spare rib of Adam. This represents, of course, nothing but another example of the myth-making propensity of the "superior" male. Every student of anatomy knows that the number of ribs in each sex is identical. Woman couldn't, therefore, have been created from a spare rib of the male—the evidence of human and comparative anatomy is entircly contrary to such a suggestion. The evidence, on the other hand, indicates that the male was created from one of the female's spare parts, namely, one of her coccygeal or tail vertebrae, for, on the average, women have only three coccygeal vertebrae whereas men have four.

ASHLEY MONTAGU.

Princeton, N. J.

Deterrent Force

▶ IN HIS GUEST EDITORIAL [*SR* June 21] Thomas Finletter has done much more than define the role of the military man in a democracy. He has also given a lucid exposition of the basis of our country's foreign policy.

So, we are waiting for the Soviets to *come around* to submit to an *enforced* system of disarmament. If there is a contradiction in terms in this statement of principle, it is not the fault of the Secretary of the Air Force, for he has correctly stated the Administration's position. Voluntary consent and use of force are the two horns of the dilemma we are facing. Are we going to sit on both of them? And for how long?

The controversy over the advisability of spending less for our defense tends to obscure the real issue. The issue is not the question of how many dollars will buy a deterrent force. The crucial issue is the question whether a deterrent force can be built at all.

Mr. Finletter admits that the attempt is "unique in history." I find this admission alarming. It does not indicate that we have a great chance of succeeding. Within a few years the Soviets will reach the stage—or perhaps, merely *believe* they have reached the stage—where they can deal our country as effective an initial blow as we can to theirs. What will be the deterrent effect of our military power then?

The hope is that the Soviets will some day renounce aggression without being forced to do so, and the expectation is that the American people will still go on waiting for that day when the threat of an atomic Pearl Harbor is hanging over them. Can such a hope and such an expectation provide the basis for United States foreign policy? Time is running out. After having attained that much talked about position of strength, should we not be able to *make* the Soviets come around to enforceable disarmament?

WALTER W. MARSEILLE.

San Francisco, Calif.

Adolescent Illiterates

▶ AFTER ALL, the long slow process of lifting the United States en masse from illiteracy into an educated citizenry only started in earnest after the Civil War. Anyone who has ever lived over a period of years west of the Hudson River and south of Stamford, Conn., knows that two short decades ago there were individuals still unable to read, write, figure, and tell time. Through no fault of their own, education had not reached them.

In twenty years, some of the grandchildren of these illiterates have progressed to the writers, editors, critics, readers, and literary agents Mr. Strauss is writing about [*SR* May 17]. It is a tremendous leap made without benefit of the cultural background normally associated with the arts.

How many of these people had the opportunity to hear their parents or their grandparents recite Shakespeare, Tennyson, the Brownings; or to listen to Dickens and Scott being read aloud, to hear symphonic music, or see a painting—to know the world beyond their horizon? Few, if any. It is this education taken along with mothers' milk which makes the culture Mr. Strauss is seeking.

What is being produced in the arts is what we are capable of producing at this stage. If it is adolescent, it isn't surprising. It takes time to grow up.

BETTY FIELE MARTIN.

Fairfax, Va.

Hutch

▶ NOTHING COULD HAVE made the humble and agitated ghost of our friend Hutch [*SR* June 21] feel more busily alive than you misprinting him as "Hutchinson" which (as I said in my brief tribute) was the error he struggled against in his own paper, *The New York Times*. His name, he continued to insist, was Hutchison.

There are certain misprints and mispronunciations that are obviously in destiny and duress; nothing can avert or avoid them. It was part of his fatality that dear old Hutch was always printed as "Hutchinson," as it was part of political comedy that J. Llewellyn Lewis should call R. Alphonso Taft's conduct "henious." I quit struggling against these matters years ago when my children always spoke of the second month (and they still do) as "Febuary" and the region Perry explored as the "Artic."

You have made both Hutch and me feel more assured of the absolute autogenesis of human error; your copyreader also schizophrened Brian Oswald Donn Byrne into two members. You can scarcely imagine how much innocent pleasure these misdemeanors give me. They confirm all my theology and philosophy and sense of pure malice; and no one else ever notices them. As Prospero said, there's no harm done. This was one of the most sombre optimisms, or euphemisms, ever shimmered against the lowering storm clouds of destiny.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Roslyn Heights, N. Y.

"Had a good day today! I was all thumbs!"

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Broadway Postscript

BOTTOM BANANAS

TOP BANANAS such as Phil Silvers, Milton Berle, Jimmy Durante, and Sid Caesar are amongst the hardest working men in the theatrical profession. Whether starring in a Broadway musical or emceeing their own TV shows, they must comply with a public demand that they remain visible and funny for at least 90 per cent of the running time of each performance. As a consequence their existence is no less hectic than indicated in that hilarious satire on TV comics, "Top Banana."

How the laughter sweatshop came to replace the leisurely era of comic stars who made one or two appearances an evening is not yet clear, but the results of a visit made backstage at the Winter Garden last week may throw some light on the matter.

Several flights above the congested stage-door area, which must always keep a free path for Mr. Silvers's mad dashes back and forth to his first-floor dressing-room, sit three nondescript men in pancake make-up. Two of them are playing gin rummy and they seldom speak except for the occasional three-letter word of victory. The third man occupies himself with reading a magazine (not *The Saturday Review*) or listening to a night ball game on a small portable radio. From the hallway the sound of the downstairs proceedings drones through tinny loud speakers that make everything sound like a badly worn record.

The men seem to pay no attention, but they are listening with a third ear—for they are the "bottom bananas," and when they hear their cue, they must rush down the steps to complement their boss. They are Joey Faye (real name *Joseph A.* Palladino), Herbie Faye (real name Falich, "like in symbols"), and Jack Albertson (real name Albertson). Their association with Silvers dates back to early Depression days when Phil worked in burlesque. Albertson was a straight man, and the Fayes top bananas in their own rights. The term "Top Banana," incidentally, refers to the better-paid and better-billed burlesque comedian. Its etymology is in an old Minsky routine in which the first comic gets both a banana and the punch line, the second comedian gets a banana but no punch line, and the third comedian gets neither a banana nor a line.

While the rummy marathon has been going on thirty-five weeks and will probably continue into the next Silvers show, which is scheduled to be a musical based on the farce "Room Service," the men nevertheless play extremely rapidly; they want to finish and record the results of a hand before their cues come up on the loudspeaker. The reader also reads quickly as he must be in readiness to jump into the game when his turn arrives. This permanent routine carried on week after week symbolizes for these members of the banana hierarchy the more stable existence that comes with Broadway jobs as opposed to the hectic moving about that is the lot of the burlesque wheel comic.

Herbie Faye, who at fifty-two is the oldest of the three, can remember working in burlesque in the early Twenties when it was considered family entertainment. There was no strip tease, the ladies of the chorus were required to wear opera-length stockings and dress more fully than their Broadway musical-comedy sisters of the same period, and the jokes were so clean that comedians could present their acts interchangeably in burlesque or vaudeville.

"Why in those days they wouldn't even let us use the word 'hell' in our routines," says the dour-faced comedian.

THEN, in the late Twenties, a man named I. Herk bought out the old Columbia Burlesque Wheel, and the ensuing changes included the introduction of the strip-tease, a shift to the predominantly stag audience, smutty jokes, and the deterioration of the chorus to the point where a girl's ability to keep time to music soon became secondary to her willingness to appear semi-nude in the "flash" or tableau finales.

In the early Thirties a new activity

Joey, Phil, and Herbie—"members of the banana hierarchy."

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began. With vaudeville dying, young comedians started themselves off by working as "social directors" in the so-called Borscht circuit of summer hotels in the Catskills. Silvers, Albertson, and Joey Faye were among this group. Since the social director gave a new show every Saturday night in addition to conducting "campfire nights," topsy-turvy nights, game nights, etc., the rest of the week, his inventiveness was exercised to the limit. Meanwhile, many of the old burlesque comics were going stale for want of fresh material, and Minsky decided to try some of these young men from the Borscht circuit. The younger comics moved in and added their routines to the standard repertory of the older ones, so that today any burlesque funnyman has at his instant recall some 200 sketches of hazy origin with slight variations added by each new borrower. These go by such titles as "Irish Justice," "Flugel Street," "Slowly I Turn," and "Meet You 'Round the Corner in a Half an Hour." Many of them can be traced back through Weber & Fields to Raymond & Caverly, a pair of nineteenth-century Dutch comics. Once back to Europe, there is some evidence that the material goes back as far as the Italian *Commedia "dell'-arte* of the sixteenth century, where the players invented much of the action as they went along.

As a matter of fact, Joey Faye feels that it is primarily the ability to invent comedy that is the major asset of himself and many other bananas. "One of the reasons Phil has us in all his shows," he says, "is because he knows he can count on us to come up with bits which get written into the script and keep the book of the musical from having too many holes in it."

He likes to classify comedians into the following rough categories:

1) Nightclub Comic — Worms his way into your affections and after that almost anything he says is funny—Jerry Lester.
2) Situation Comic—Makes himself into a special character in a special set of circumstances—Red Skelton.
3) Monologuist—Just tells jokes—Fred Allen, Bob Hope.
4) Prop Comedian — Wears funny outfits or uses trick gadgets—Ed Wynn or W. C. Fields & his curved billiard cue.
5) Straight Man & Gull—A smart man taking advantage of a stupid one, sometimes backfiring—Abbott & Costello.
6) Pantomimist—Never talks—Bozo Snyder.
7) Boob Rube—The dumb farmer

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who when asked to entertain a gorgeous blonde pulls out a harmonica — Red Marshall, Harry Conley.

8) Eccentric — Makes funny moves and exaggerated poses — Ritz Brothers, Jerry Lewis.
9) Fluff-rehearser—Writes mistakes into the act—Jack Benny.
10) Chaplinesque—Tries to do a good deed and gets into hot water—Charlie Chaplin.
11) Fear comic—A superstitious man walking past the graveyard—Rochester.
12) Double-entendre—Uses lines with two possible meanings. Very common among beginning comics in burlesque. Requires almost no talent and doesn't interfere with routines already associated with the older stars—Walter "Shultz the Butcher" Brown.
13) Punster—Weakest form of humor. Usually funny because someone dares to be that corny. Simply uses words that sound like the expected one—Mel Allen.
14) Never-finish-the-sentence comic —Came out of old minstrel shows —Mantan Morlan, Walter (not Shultz the Butcher) Brown.

"Of course," Joey points out, "every good comedian is usually a combination of several of these types, and the really good ones also know how to be good straight men."

He classifies straightmen as:

1) Aggressive—pushes comic around.
2) Suave—outwits the comic by gentle persuasion.
3) "Well, my boy"—a corny straight man who prefaces almost every line with such a phrase.
4) White shoes, straw hat, and cane —uses the cane to nudge the comedian where he is most sensitive.
5) Laughing boy—laughs at all the comedian's jokes.

"Since the straight man sets up the situations," concludes Joey, "he is really just as important as the comedian. In fact there used to be high-priced straightmen who would hire untrained young performers for $40 a week and make them into comics."

Because "Top Banana" is designed to be a one-man show, Albertson and the two Fayes find themselves doing less comedy and more straightman work in their present stints. It doesn't hurt their pride for these established funnymen to play second and third banana to Phil Silvers, for they know from experience how important they are to the top banana. Besides, how much rummy does Phil Silvers play these days? —Henry Hewes.

TV and Radio

TELEVISION SHOWS A TREND

THE old joke went something like this: A fellow swallowed a glass eye. While fluoroscoping the fellow, the doctor was startled to see an eye staring up at him. Said the doctor to the fellow: "What's the matter, don't you trust me?"

The new version goes like this: A fellow swallowed a glass eye. In the fluoroscope the doctor was startled to see an eye staring up at him. Said the doctor: "Well! What do you know! Channel Two!"

I have a very kind postcard from a Mrs. Anna V. Casey of Boulder, Colorado, who writes that she is a constant reader of these pieces even though Boulder is as yet "unblessed" with television and consequently much of the stuff in this column is beyond her ken. So for Mrs. Casey I hasten to explain that Channel Two is the CBS television allocation in New York City, and the CBS signature appears on local TV screens with a large eye staring out at the viewers from their sets, with the pronouncement: "The Best in View . . . Channel Two." . . . That's quite all right, Mrs. Casey, happy to do it. And about time. Back here in the East,

the very cradle of civilization, we are prone to take too much for granted, forgetting the vast, desolate areas across the country which have not yet been blessed with the fruits of our genius, and so have not yet been exposed to such works of art as "The Continental," "Young Mr. Bobbin," "Leave It to the Girls," "The Clock," "Hands of Destiny," "Fairmeadows, USA," "The Faith Baldwin Theatre," "Mohawk Showroom," and countless other masterpieces too humorous to mention. Thus, I will interrupt myself to clarify weird phrases like "Murder!" "Oh, no!" and "Not that!"

Last month there appeared in the network offices and in the advertising agencies the Ross Report* which compiled a list of television programs which have disappeared from our television screens during the past year. And from an analysis of this list we come to the rather frightening conclusion that four years is a long run for any run-of-the-mill program on television. Only two or three survived that long. In all 112 programs were removed from the schedules.**

It seems that sponsors of television programs who have to foot the bills of high production, talent, and time costs are not going to fool around with experimentation.

Television is going to have a problem supplying material and personalities much greater than radio ever had or even motion pictures. It's an oft-quoted axiom*** that if Clark Gable had made a picture a month beginning twenty years ago he would have been removed from the motion-picture schedules years ago. Similarly, in television the big stars who are knocking themselves out today appearing on monthly or weekly programs are going to find themselves the victims of another axiom, "Familiarity breeds contempt."****

In radio, you remember, if you remember radio, entertainers enjoyed runs which lasted ten, fifteen, and even more than twenty years. The names of "Amos 'n' Andy," "Fibber McGee and Molly," Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Just Plain Bill come quickly to mind.***** If the Ross Report indicates a true trend television will not be able to sit back and rest on its laurels. There will be a constant turnover of personalities every four or five years, or at the very least a complete change of formats.******

Television audiences are going to be much more difficult to cater to than were radio audiences. Personalities which televiewers take to their bosoms today will be cast aside three or four years hence. When you think of the overwhelming popularity some of them enjoy now it doesn't seem possible. But take Marilyn Monroe for instance—she was once married and somebody actually divorced her.******* —Goodman Ace.

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* *Not to be confused with the Nielsen Report which comes out bi-monthly and which shows how many people are watching a given program at a given time.*

** *This does not mean that there will be 112 holes in the schedules. Goodness no, Mrs. Casey. The network executives and advertising agencies will conjure up 112 other run-of-the-mill programs to take the place of the 112 casualties.*

*** *I'm the one who quotes this axiom so often. I made it up, Mrs. Casey.*

**** *This has been quoted more often than the one about Clark Gable, but not by me. I didn't make this one up.*

***** *Space prohibits mentioning another long run thing called Easy something or other.*

****** *A format, Mrs. Casey, is a particular style of program such as a mystery show, a situation comedy, a panel show, which when that format gets popular is used by everybody else in television until it gets unpopular.*

******* *Marilyn Monroe is a movie gal. She is some dish. And if she could become unpopular with some guy, Mrs. Casey—well you can see what television is up against.*

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SR Goes to the Movies

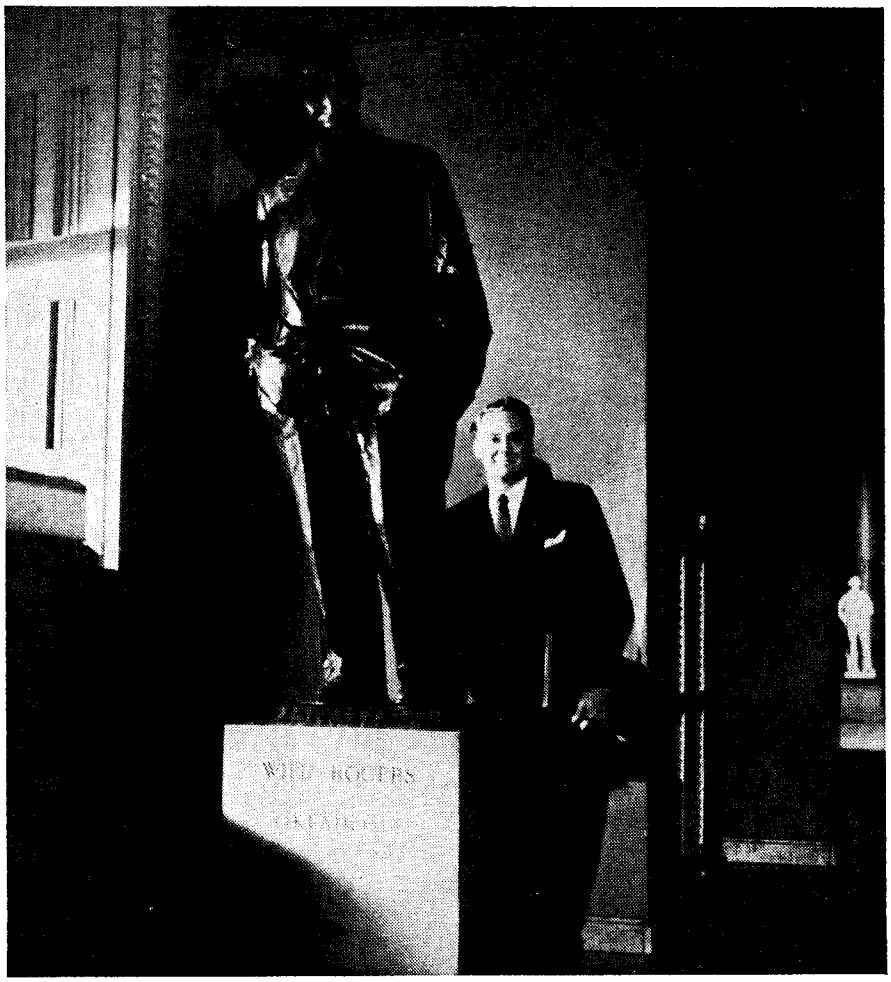
THE SCHARY STORY & THE CAMOUFLAGED COW

"WASHINGTON STORY," a movie got out by MGM at an appropriate moment in our national affairs, delves into the vexing problems of lobbying, bribery, and corruption in the Capital and comes up with some reassuring disclosures. The news, according to Dore Schary, its producer, and Robert Pirosh, its writer and director, is not only good, but actually cheery and heartwarming. It seems that when the chips are down, our Congressmen can be depended upon to forsake all personal, local, and district interests, and to vote purely for the higher good of the nation. Dishonesty? Just hearsay, scandalous talk, and the vile imaginings of unscrupulous columnists who richly deserve occasional uppercuts to the chin landed by irate and righteous members of the House and Senate. Lobbying? Oh, it certainly exists, but the chances are excellent that it's being done on behalf of some perfectly good cause. Party lines and interests? Well, Democrats and Republicans are really brothers under the skin; in fact, an elderly Republican might very well feel a fond regard for a young Democrat, and give him all the help he needs to learn the tricks necessary for becoming an efficient lawmaker and for winning the next district election. And while all this is going on, that reporter for *Pravda*—his telephone booth situated right next to that of *The Wall Street Journal*—must needs call in the gloomy news that all is tip-top in Washington: the bill has been passed with a rousing roll-call vote, the nation is firmly united and full of the highest idealism, and the young Democratic Congressman from Massachusetts will marry the girl reporter after all.

The girl reporter in question is played by Patricia Neal, and has come to Washington to get the lowdown on Congressmen and Congressional processes for her scandal-mongering newspaper. What a story it would make if she could get something on Van Johnson, Representative from Massachusetts, honest as the day is long and the sky is wide, his office doors always open for any and all constituents who wish to see him, those golf clubs in his closet never used, and bright chairman of the committee considering the shipyard dispersal bill! He seems entirely aboveboard, but what about those suspicious meetings with Sydney Blackmer, big-time lobbyist for some unspecified interests, and isn't Van a little too friendly with Republican Congressman Louis Calhern? It does look for a while as though Van is going to sell out, and it wouldn't have been so bad for Patricia if she hadn't gone and fallen in love with Van midway in her investigations (helped, of course, by Nunnally, that unscrupulous columnist and radio commentator). And to heighten her travail, seeing the spectacle of the democratic process at work has gotten right through to her; she becomes a softie and can no longer work for the scandal-mongering newspaper. But all, you can be sure, turns out for the best. Everybody but Nunnally winds up honest and true-blue, and Patricia is free to marry Van and to bring up little Congressmen.

In a subject of this kind some truth is bound to be mixed up with the fable, and no matter in how much of a hit-or-miss fashion the democratic process works, getting a glimpse of it in action is bound to have a stirring effect. Good laws do get passed, demagogues don't last forever, and the pressure of the voters is bound to be felt. You cannot say a movie that points these elemental facts out is dishonest. You can say, though, that the story is predictable and hackneyed, and the benign, see-no-evil viewpoint behind it all is unrealistic and annoying. Yet the movie has its pleasant moments. Louis Calhern is occasionally very funny, particularly when he mimics some prevalent Congressional types, and Mr. Johnson and Miss Neal go through their paces with a certain amount of vigor and grace. They are not unlikable.

Nevertheless, what we have here is not the forceful kind of movie Dore Schary occasionally used to make, but more of a strawberry ice-cream soda, concocted for weak and fearful stomachs, and calculated to unsettle none but newspapermen, all of them cynical, destructive types anyway. This, then, is the way Dore Schary, big white father of the movie



Will Rogers and Van Johnson—"brothers under the skin" (?).

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industry, now sees life: some surface problems, but deep down underneath, that old familiar *Saturday Evening Post* cover.

TO lighten the summer, and to provide us any surcease we might need from the impingement of the Chicago conventions upon our minds and sensibilities, the English have given us "Island Rescue" (Universal), which has Glynis Johns and David Niven in a mild and unserious adventure tale. When, during the early days of the war, the Germans invaded the British-owned island of Amorel they fell heir to a prize and richly pedigreed cow called Venus. The problem is to get Venus and her about-to-be-born calf back to England, where the continuance of the breed may proceed upon behalf of the King and his people. Miss Johns and Mr. Niven work this task out in proper British muddling-through style — finding it necessary at one point to camouflage an ordinary cow to look like Venus—and outwitting George Coulouris, who plays the dispirited German commander of the island, and his plan to ship Venus to Germany. The spirit of the direction and the acting seemed to me suitable to the proceedings, and as always I enjoyed the work of Miss Johns. The cow gives her sturdy support, as does Mr. Niven.

—HOLLIS ALPERT.

SR Recommends

Carrie: An absorbing match with Laurence Olivier's talent combating his lack of verisimilitude in Dreiser's part. (*SR* July 12.)

High Noon: A very superior Western crowded with atmosphere and foreboding. (*SR* July 5.)

Ivory Hunter: Kenya Colony, Africa, provides the background for a superior British-made film about animals. (*SR* June 7.)

Under the Paris Sky: Some "snatch-of-life" episodes welded by Duvivier into a highly scenic apotheosis of Paris. (*SR* May 24.)

Outcast of the Islands: Conrad's early novel transformed by Carol Reed into a film with a full quota of authentic atmosphere. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Miss Julie: Based on Strindberg, this importation from Sweden is gloomy in tone, sensitive in execution. (*SR* Apr. 26.)

Walk East on Beacon: An admirably detailed filming of counter-espionage in the USA, made with the cooperation of the FBI. (*SR* Apr. 19.)

Singin' in the Rain: Gene Kelly in a nostalgic spoofing of the early talkies. (*SR* Apr. 12.)

Encore: Another trio of Maugham short stories turned into an engaging film. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

The Man in the White Suit: Alec Guinness invents a fabric that will never wear out—with hilarious consequences. (*SR* Apr. 5.)

JOHN Dover Wilson's edition of the three parts of "Henry VI" (3 vols., $2.50 each), now added to the Cambridge University Press's "New Shakespeare," reopens, or, more accurately, keeps open the vexed question of the authorship of this seldom played and comparatively little-read trilogy. Dr. Wilson is in flat disagreement with the opinion, shared by many scholars, that E. M. W. Tillyard expressed in 1946 when he declared: "I am fully in accord with a growing trend of belief that Shakespeare wrote this play." He also disagrees with those who—like Tillyard —"cannot believe" that the second and third parts of "Henry VI" were written before the first part. Dr. Wilson is convinced, after long editorial labors involving close textual study, that Greene plotted the trilogy from first to last, and that Greene's writing hand is evident throughout the work; that to Nashe must be ascribed the whole first act of Part I, and certain other portions; and that Shakespeare's contribution, while largely one of revision and addition, included some scenes—notably the famous quarrel in Temple Garden—that came freshly from his pen. One may admire and profit by Dr. Wilson's scholarship without holding, as he does, that Shakespeare was entirely incapable of producing "halting, forced, or prosaic verse," or "imagery which is hazy, muddled, or tawdry;" but it is hard not to add agreement to admiration when one examines his arguments in favor of the theory that Parts II and III of "Henry VI" were composed before Part I. And, if he errs in some of his many decisions as to precisely what lines Shakespeare did and did not write, we may be sure that the Fundamentalists, who swear by the inviolable canon of the First Folio, are in their own way also dwelling in a state of at least partial error.

If we would see how far short of its announced original an "imitation of Shakespeare's style" can fall, we need look no further than "The Tragedy of Jane Shore," in which Nicholas Rowe capably demonstrated the twin arts of sinking and ranting in verse. This is one of eight "Eighteenth-Century Plays" (Modern Library, $1.25), edited by Ricardo Quintana. Another is "Cato," Addison's pseudo-classical tragedy. "Cato" has its flights of eloquence, its memorable passages, but through much of it the tramp of Addison's pedestrian pentameter proves how blankly monotonous blank verse can be. A third is George Lillo's "The London Merchant," remarkably rich in turgid speeches; while a fourth is Dick Steele's "The Conscious Lovers," which, as the editor remarks, "is not Steele's best dramatic work." Professor Quintana plays fair with his readers when he warns them, in his introduction, of the shortcomings of eighteenth-century drama; but he also plays fair by giving them the enduring delights of "The Beggar's Opera," "The Rivals," and "She Stoops to Conquer," and the uproarious fooling, complete with learned preface and footnotes, of Fielding's heroic burlesque, "The Tragedy of Tragedies, or the Life of Tom Thumb the Great."

OTHER recently published Modern Library volumes are "Out of Africa," Isak Dinesen's account of her life on a Kenya coffee plantation; "The Complete Poetry and Selected Prose of John Donne," edited by Charles M. Coffin, with an excellent introduction in which the editor protests again the folly of trying to establish a close chronological correlation of Donne's biography and poetry; James Boswell's "The Life of Samuel Johnson," a handy abridgment by Bergen Evans; and "An Anthology of Famous British Stories" (Giant, $2.45), edited by Bennett Cerf and Henry C. Moriarty, which contains eighty tales—from one of Chaucer's to one of Evelyn Waugh's—most of them truly famous, and all good.

From the Heritage Press ($5 each): a superb "Tom Jones," with lusty illustrations by T. M. Cleland; "Sonnets from the Portugese," decorated by Valenti Angelo; Pater's version of "The Marriage of Cupid and Psyche," illustrated prettily, pseudo-classically by Dulac; a revised version of Constance Garnett's translation of "Anna Karenina," with lithographs by Barnett Freedman that are, perhaps, too bold in their assault upon the eyes; and a fine "Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," eerily illustrated by Edward A. Wilson, introduced by John Mason Brown.

—BEN RAY REDMAN.

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dog of her own and tries to earn the money to buy one. She learns to play baseball and astonishes her family and friends by dressing up in a stolen uniform and acting as batboy through an entire game. Rowena's adventures are very funny. So are the drawings that Grace Paull has made for them.

DOUBLE DATE. By Rosamund du Jardin. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Co. $2.50.

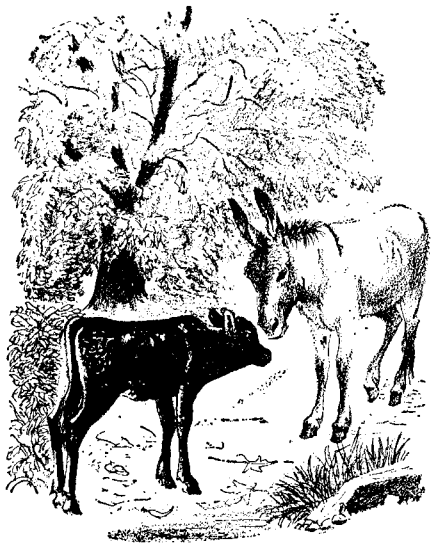
The sixteen-year-old twins looked so much alike that it was difficult to tell them apart; but Pam was poised, self-assured, absorbed in herself and in her social life, while Penny was quiet, diffident, sensitive, and uncertain in her relationship with other people. It was Mike Bradley who helped Penny to stand on her own feet and develop her own personality. The story of the twins is told against the background of a delightful mother who is a successful interior decorator and a busy, understanding grandmother who has a sense of humor and a remarkable faculty for giving good advice. This is one of the best of Rosamund du Jardin's stories for the older girls.

ONLY CHILD. By Marguerite Dickson. Illustrations by Genia. New York: Longmans, Green & Co. $2.50.

Gwen Flint was an only child, pleasantly spoiled by her father and mother and less pleasantly defended by her Aunt Rose. When two girl cousins came to live with them Gwen found that she was ill prepared to make them a part of the family. Rozzy, the younger girl, was easy to assimilate, but Flip, the older one, was poised, efficient, attractive, and she resented her position as an orphan who had been more or less adopted by the Flints. The adjustment of two strong personalities is the central theme of the story. In the little town in Maine where the ancestors of both girls had lived for many years Gwen found a little garden. Her restoration of the garden and her friendship with a native boy, Horace, broadened her horizon and gave her sympathy for Flip's point of view. This is an interesting, rewarding story for older girls.

THUNDER COUNTRY. By Armstrong Sperry. New York: Macmillan Co. $2.75.

Young people who read and enjoyed "The Rain Forest" will like this second book about Chad Powell and his scientist father. Thunder Country is the interior of Venezuela—the "terra incognita" where few white men ever ventured. Chad and his father, with their pilot, flew there in a small plane. The plane was wrecked in one of the swift jungle rivers. Chad and Mr. Powell and the pilot were uninjured and managed to save some of their equipment; but they were more or less at the mercy of the native Indians, who were hostile. Chad won the friendship of an Indian boy and together they found and saved a white man who had been lost years



before. This won the enmity of the Indian chief, and Chad barely escaped with his life. An adventure story that has an unusual background and a good deal of action, this is illustrated with a series of fine drawings by the author.

THE HAUNTED REEF. By Frank Crisp. Illustrated by Richard M. Powers. New York: Coward-McCann. $2.75.

This is a lively, dramatic story. During the war an American freighter carrying diamonds from Australia to San Francisco was sunk in a lagoon called the Haunted Reef in the South Seas. The Captain and some of the crew escaped, although they were reported dead, and entered into a plot to get the diamonds. The crew, led by an Irishman called Kelly, persuaded two young men who were pearl divers to take their own boat and dive for the sunken freighter. Jim and Dirk Cartwright are involved in the plot, barely escaping with their lives. There is a tense scene on the island where Dirk finds the Captain, completely insane, living as one of the old Maori gods and offering the diamonds as a sacrifice. The two boys finally get back to their ship with the precious stones. The book is illustrated with effective black-and-white drawings of the South Seas.

FATHER JUNIPERO SERRA. By Ivy Bolton. Illustrated by Robert Burns. New York: Julian Messner. $2.75.

This is the story of the Franciscan friar who founded the missions, and thereby the cities, of San Francisco, Los Angeles, Santa Barbara, and Monterey. From the day of his birth he was small and frail and not expected to live long, for in the eighteenth century the strongest seldom grew old. But he had a brilliant mind and the priest in the Spanish fishing village where he lived got him admitted to the University of Palmas. There his record was so high that he was urged to continue his studies, but his heart was set on missionary work and at the age of seventeen he went to Mexico and eventually took up his great task in California. To him, its fruits were all spiritual, but there is no doubt that by establishing and maintaining the line of missions and their attendant settlements he influenced the history of California and the United States.

The book is thoughtfully, sometimes tenderly, written and, though it is plain hero-worship, its style is gentle and restrained. It is pleasing in appearance and has a good bibliography and index. The illustrations are nicely done. —MERRITT P. ALLEN.

REBEL DRUMS. By Nancy Faulkner. Illustrated by Lee Ames. New York: Doubleday & Co. $2.50.

When the Irvin farm in Colonial Virginia was raided by Indians and Hugh's father carried away captive, the boy plunged into a series of adventures that no young reader will want to miss. He set out to find his father, but before that was accomplished he was sucked into Bacon's Rebellion, which started as a bitter campaign against the Indians and then, because Governor Berkeley of Virginia preferred the profits of the fur trade to the safety of his people, turned into open warfare between the settlers and government troops. As a drummer boy, Hugh took part in these campaigns and was present when Nathaniel Bacon was unfortunately forced to burn Jamestown. By then the boy was legally a rebel and as such was held prisoner on a British warship. How he escaped and what happened afterward rounds out a good historical story for younger boys. The illustrations by Lee Ames are splendid. —M.P.A.

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FICTION

(*Continued from page* 18)

tion of fourteen short stories than a novel. Each story, though centered in Cat Track Hollow and thinly tied to the others with at least some mention of eighty-four-year-old Granny Hite, may be read separately with no loss of understanding, and several have been published in *The Saturday Evening Post*. Granny Hite holds a quilting bee for all the young brides and betrothed maidens and the stories told by the quilters make up most of the book. Everything always ended happily; the right girl got the right man. The neighborhood, with a little help from Granny Hite, learned to love the flag-waving foreigners who settled among them. True, one woman died in childbirth but this only gave the crooked woman a chance to go straight. Dulcimer Tom Swisher who had in his lifetime made nine hundred dulcimers also died, but he was old and it took a combination of delirium tremens and an exploding still to get him out of the way so that true love might seek its course.

The prose is in a style reminiscent of Jesse Stuart, but unlike Mr. Stuart's it calls attention to itself rather than to the people and scenes it would create. Though the author makes liberal use of such words as doless, rifle-gun, and kiver, it seldom if ever gives the illusion of having issued from a flesh-and-blood mouth. Too often the names seem to denote, not characters, but handles on which Mr. Wilson hangs his sweetness, his tears, or his humor, for most things are funny, forever, ever funny.

Lovers of very light fiction might find "Nine Brides and Granny Hite" pleasant reading for a hot summer day, that is if taken in discreet doses. Some taken singly are quite pleasant, particularly "Journey to a Wedding"; two, however, give a feeling of having had a double dessert and more than three at one sitting are almost impossible to take.

Cat Track Hollow, we gather, is somewhere in the Southern Applachians, Hollywood version. The people wear homemade shoes, use muzzle loaders, whip-saw their lumber, moonshine, feud a little. After some consideration of the matter I've concluded that the jacket is correct when it says, "Through it all there's a lively sense of life being lived as it is nowhere else on earth."

—HARRIETTE SIMPSON ARNOW.

THE VILLAGE. By Marghanita Laski. Houghton Mifflin. $3. No one who has ever lived in an English village can fail to recognize Miss Laski's village, Priory Dean, for what it is: a London suburb which is gradually strangling the last poor residue of genuine village life. Miss Laski claims to have "recently lived in two such villages" as Priory Dean; however that may be, most of the characters in "The Village" are pasteboard. This is the first of Miss Laski's books I have read, and I was bitterly disappointed from the first chapter. That shows the declaration of peace and the drama opens with the local celebrations and then a scene between Mrs. Gerald Trevor—Wendy—and Edith Wilson.

Wendy Trevor and Edith Wilson have been the great support of the Red Cross emergency service. Mrs. Trevor is a caste-conscious upper-middle-class woman; Edith Wilson is a workman's wife, and has herself gone out as a char when things were difficult, has, indeed, worked for Mrs. Trevor. During the war and through their Red Cross work the two women have become friends. Can that friendship continue now that war is over? Here is a good subject for a story, and no doubt many readers will enjoy Miss Laski's brisk, rather smart handling of it. It is a pity, however, that it should be presented as in some way a general analysis of the social problems caused by the war, by Britain's poverty, and the ruin of so many of her people. For in Miss Laski's book, while the circumstances of the working-class people are "normal" for Britain of today, the circumstances of the poverty-stricken Trevors are exceptional, in that Major Gerald Trevor is a war-victim (of the Kaiser's war) with lung-disease; Wendy Trevor is a nervous, overworked woman cursed with two of the least helpful daughters I have ever met in fiction. Their parents are distracted by the effort to plan some kind of life for the two girls which will keep them "ladies" and at the same time alive—a hopeless ambition when you have no spare money at all to spend or to leave.

Perhaps Michael Home's "Brackenford Story" is too recently in my mind for me to do justice to Miss Laski's synthetic village, with its one surviving gentlewoman (who, of course, favors Margaret's love-affair), its retired schoolteacher, its old doctor, its vicar (not quite a gentleman), its two dimensional work-people. Mr. Home's book had an authenticity which I found completely lacking in Miss Laski's.

Marghanita Laski—"politely heated."

There are some entertaining scenes in the book, reminiscent at times of Angela Thirkell or even of the famous Lucia stories of E. F. Benson; but Miss Laski has not the wit nor indignation of Mrs. Thirkell, nor the scrupulous, scientific curiosity of Mr. Benson. She does not, indeed, seem very interested in her own puppets; she may have studied English village people, but she writes about them as a foreigner on a visit, politely treated but never really accepted by these difficult, doughty natives.

—R. ELLIS ROBERTS.

FLEE THE ANGRY STRANGERS. By George Mandel. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.75. The latest of the horrors, sicknesses, and depravities of human behavior to monopolize the headlines is dope addiction. One recent novel is partly concerned with it; the present one, wholly so. It is a fair bet that quite a few will follow. The subject is as legitimate and important a concern of the artist as any other, according to the breadth and depth of its treatment.

Mr. Mandel introduces us to Diane Lattimer, eighteen years old, just escaped from a detention house. She had been committed to it by her mother because she was sexually de-

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. "Jean-Christophe," by Romain Rolland. 2. "The Gentleman from Indiana," by Booth Tarkington. 3. "Darkness at Noon," by Arthur Koestler. 4. "Born Yesterday," by Garson Kanin. 5. "Scaramouche," by Rafael Sabatini. 6. "Cimmaron," by Edna Ferber. 7. "The Honorable Peter Stirling," by Paul Leister Ford. 8. "The Talisman," by Sir Walter Scott. 9. "For Whom the Bell Tolls," by Ernest Hemingway. 10. "A Tale of Two Cities," by Charles Dickens.

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linquent, had an illegitimate child, and was hitting marijuana hard.

That her mother should have done such a thing seems pretty awful to Diane and others. "My own mother put me there." Diane takes refuge with her sister's husband, Carter Webb. Carter doesn't approve of Mrs. Lattimer and holds her "sanctimonious moralizing" and "tyranny" responsible for her daughters' downfall. (His wife, Diane's sister, now dying in a hospital, had been a prostitute by avocation.) While sleeping with Diane, Carter continues to insist to Mrs. Lattimer that "there's a better way" to handle Diane than putting her in an institution.

Carter's better way (also the author's) consists of looking on, in a detached manner, while Diane, still a fugitive, plunges from marijuana to all-out heroin addiction, prostitution, and thievery. Carter deplores this, in a sad way, but he thinks it immoral to blame anybody for anything (except saying no). Diane, to him, is just "alive, young, and very confused." According to his lights, "Who the hell am I to stop it? . . . Who am I to decide about people? . . . There's no harm in anything . . . You can't stop any of that. You have no right. Nobody has."

The resulting book is a clinical tour of the inferno of dope addiction, dope peddling, prostitution, robbery, sadism, and other perversions. To have any artistic meaning, this nightmare world would have to be set in some revealing relationship to the world outside. It is not. How these people got that way needs to be shown, with at least some recognition of personal responsibility. It is not done. Some scale of values related to right and wrong, or good and evil, is needed. There is none. The author's voice is Carter's: "Who am I to decide about people?"

"Flee the Angry Strangers" is the failure of what might have been a great mission. After its clinical sensationalisms, its shocks and horrors, its gratuitous and immature vulgarities, there is nothing left but a disclaimer of responsibility, a rootless, value-lacking web of relativistic equivocations and inverted sentimentalities. —EDMUND FULLER.

THE HOODS. By Harry Grey. Crown. $3. "Noodles the Shiv" is the hero, principal "hood," and narrator of this conducted tour through the Prohibition days of gangdom. All of the other principals have equally picturesque titles. They grew up in the early decades of this century, became juvenile delinquents before that term was known, went on from small-time pilfering to big-time heists, became the robber barons of the lower East Side, and as members of "The Syndicate" had their fingers in every illegal pie on the counter. This included labor racketeering, gambling, bootlegging, dope peddling, assault, battery, robbery, and murder. All but Noodles of the original gang with whom we started out on life's pathway end up messily dead. Noodles is saved by the author—presumably for a sequel.

Mr. Grey, or his publishers, have decided to play this number as if it were fact instead of fiction without ever making that claim. To this end all the major convicted or dead criminals of the Twenties are trotted on stage like historical personages in a costume drama. There is also a considerable amount of factitious sounding detail on the day-to-day operations of a gang. And a pretty dull solution to Judge Crater's disappearance is portentously hinted at. Despite the pseudo-documentary technique the author's basic romanticism conquers and we end up with a boy's eye view of gangsterland, as authentic —to crib a phrase—as an eighty-five cent piece.

THE FOURTEENTH OF OCTOBER. By Bryher. Pantheon. $2.75. Bryher, the British editor, essayist, and novelist, has taken the year 1066 and the Norman conquest of Saxon England as the setting for this historical parable. Writing in an allusive, poetic style full of intricate imagery she recounts the adventures of Wulf, a Saxon boy. Captured by the Danes, he is turned over to the Normans, lives with them as a hostage, sees their victory over Harold at Hastings and faces finally the fact of their conquest. The virtue of Bryher's unusual method of historical writing is also its weakness. Keeping close at all times to the direct impressions of her hero Wulf, his sensory experiences, his hopes and plans, she creates a feeling of immediacy that gives life to the period and the setting. Unfortunately this also makes us lose sight of the larger pattern; continually we are forced to stop and try to work out what is actually supposed to be happening historically. The result was for this reader a growing feeling of dissatisfaction and finally of impatience. As for the parable elements—the analogy to the threatened Nazi invasion of Britain in World War II—this loses force from the fact that the latter never came off. Published at the time it might have served as an effective warning. —EDWARD J. FITZGERALD.

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POLITICS

(*Continued from page 18*)

ing and enjoyment. As such, your radio or TV set won't give you a quiz show that comes close.

DON'T VOTE TILL YOU READ THIS. Compiled and edited by Anton Gud. Austin-Phelps, New York. $1.25. According to the publishers, "this volume is indispensable to the voting man of intellect and belly-laugh alike." To which an unkind critic would rejoin, "Indispensable for what?"

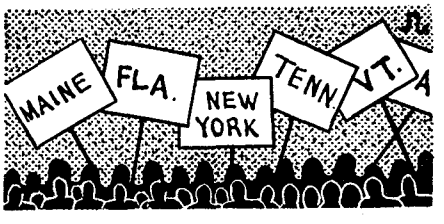
It's bad enough that several million parents are about to lose caste and authority in the eyes of their children by refusing to support Howdy Doody for President. Now, here comes Anton Gud demanding we move not and think not until we read what "in vehement, down-to-earth language are the sentiments of an aroused cross-section of our land."

These purport to be letters—serious and humorous on thoughts political—which the author claims to have extracted from the voting population. That they represent a cross-section, I doubt seriously. That they might be worth your time as political instruction is not open to question: they aren't. And as for belly-laughs, all the response I get from down there is a feeling of nausea. Howdy Doody, at least, diverts the kids for thirty minutes, five days a week.

REVITALIZING A NATION: A Statement of Beliefs, Opinions, and Policies Embodied in the Public Pronouncements of General of the Army Douglas MacArthur. Correlation and captions by John M. Pratt. Garden City Books, New York. Cloth, $2. Paper, $1. Herein the editor has taken the public speeches and press releases by General MacArthur, snipped and rearranged them, eliminated the obvious inconsistencies, and then pasted them together into chapters which are supposed to be distillates of the general's beliefs. Presumably this procedure spares readers and publishers alike from those dreary volumes of collected speeches which gather dust in our public libraries and second-hand stores. But while such books undoubtedly cut publishing costs and give employment to editors, it is questionable whether they do fairly by the purchaser or the original thoughts thus strung together. For one thing, speeches like these are delivered at separate points in time; marriage of their paragraphs may be accomplished smoothly, as they are here, but their original meaning and nuances are invariably isolated. For another thing, what remains on the cutting room floor is, often as not, a better gauge to the wisdom of the speeches. The collection, as its title suggests, is all in favor of the general—to put it mildly. Editor Pratt looks at his subject and sees a man with "such a knowledge of the historical past and such an insight into a divinely ordained future that he fashions the deeds of today to mesh with a tomorrow of one thousand years from now." To equal that kind of billing, the general's remarks quoted here would have to be rated one slight step below the Bible as living literature. They aren't quite that deathless, and their significance is pretty much dependent upon your prior convictions.

REPUBLICANISM REAPPRAISED: A Diagnosis of the Grand Old Party. By Roland N. Stromberg. Public Affairs Press, Washington. $2. Although he claims to have at heart the best interests of the G.O.P., Professor Stromberg appraises Republicanism as if he were a junk dealer. Aside from the memory of Lincoln and the interlude of Teddy Roosevelt, he sees little in the party record to praise.

To Mr. Stromberg, the outstanding characteristic of historical Republicanism in domestic matters has been a standpat (or worse) attitude except where the financial benefit of rich and mighty campaign contributors was concerned. And, since 1920 anyway, he considers isolationism to have been the basic quality of G.O.P. foreign policy. As for the "old guard" party leadership, you can probably guess his opinions of McKinley, Hanna, Harding, Lodge I, Tafts I and II,



Hoover, and other corporate directors of the elephantine political enterprise.

The trouble with Mr. Stromberg's analysis, however, is not his partisanship. It is his discounting of historical facts. In fastening sins around the Republican neck, it is a doubtful practice to replace a historical context with an "iffy" solution demonstrated by hindsight. Thus, set against his proper background of the 1890's, McKinley wasn't *that* bad a President. Furthermore, if the economic thinking of Coolidge and Hoover is primitive when compared to the economics of Keynes, it is well to remember that the Keynesian Revolution began formally in 1936.

In truth, if the G.O.P. were as bad in the past as Professor Stromberg says, it should now be an extinct curio like the Whigs and the Federalists. This season, it is clear that the elephant still lives. Yet, after twenty years on the sidewalk outside 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue, it is equally clear that Republicanism does need some refurbishing. This book, while very indefinite on specifics, suggests a "realistic" internationalist foreign policy, and a stiff dose of "me-tooism" plus a stiffer concoction called "we can do it better and cheaper." —PETER R. LEVIN.

WENDELL WILLKIE. By Mary Earhart Dillon. Lippincott. $4. Mary Earhart Dillon explains in her preface that her biography of Wendell Willkie "is essentially a study in public opinion, party politics, and public relations." Her book is a little less than that, and a little more than that, too; for, although we are not told much about public opinion and public relations, we are given a good deal of fresh material about Willkie himself and about the snake that bit him a hundred times, party politics. Mrs. Dillon devotes a large part of her work—perhaps too much—to Willkie's fight against the TVA. There is an excellent account of his second phase, so-called, the astonishing Presidential campaign of 1940, when Willkie managed to secure twenty-two million popular votes, the largest number ever received by any defeated Presidential candidate in the nation's history. (This section of the book is, incidentally, a fine study of the peculiar mechanics of party politics.) After he lost the election, Willkie, as the "loyal opposition" to FDR, went on his crazy-quilt "One World" tour as Roosevelt's personal representative, on which, we are told, he may have done more harm than good because of his habitual rudeness and inconsiderateness. By 1943 he was washed up politically; he had thrown away, through sheer ineptness, the Republican nomination, which he might have had again in 1944. When he died, late in 1944, he was only fifty-two. He had been a kind of magnificent Billy Sunday of politics—ungovernable, irascible, and quasi-brilliant—and we are surprised once more that "the great man," as Mrs. Dillon wearyingly calls him, never did hold any political office during his fireball career.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

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THE KOREAN FRONT IN CHICAGO

(*Continued from page 11*)

of America's diplomats and faithfully reflects their versions of local affairs, especially in the case of Ambassador Merle Cochran in Indonesia. Everywhere, he adds, he came on "the ugly trail of damage done to our diplomatic service by unfounded or ignorant criticism at home." He is critical only of American ECA (now MSA) and information personnel, and joined our own local diplomats and some of the local government officials in smirking deprecatingly over the efforts of these non-diplomatic missions.

WHEN it comes down, however, to the key question of what is to be done by the United States in relation to this whole area, Governor Dewey in substance falls back on the only nostrum which his Republican fellows in all camps have been able to offer and which the Administration, in such large measure, has accepted: the doctrine of force. In the knotty and almost insoluble impasse of war and politics in Indochina, the governor brushes aside all consideration of the way in which the curse of French domination can be exorcised and an all-Vietnamese power created to cope with the Communists. Various proposals to this end, he announces, "are nonsense." He proposes instead: "The tough hard war against treason or insurrection must be won while political and social changes are made." This is to be done by drawing "a line" and giving warning that if the Chinese invade Southeast Asia "we will retaliate with all the force and with every weapon at our command." This appears to demand that we undertake in advance to fight another Korean war in Indochina.

For his general conclusions, the governor falls back on two scanty pages of broad generalizations which come down to the same prescription. He says nothing about broad political and economic initiatives and urges collective action on a military basis to hold the outer rim of the Pacific. Although in respect to Indochina he talked of drawing a specific line, here he insists that "we do not need to be commited to respond to attack in any particular way or in any particular spot." He has no suggestion for breaking the Korean deadlock and says only that "if France remains steadfast in Indochina, Southeast Asia and the free Pacific can win through—always provided that the Red Chinese do not launch a new invasion." And this invasion, he promises, will not come, if a Pacific treaty of mutual defense is quickly negotiated. Such a treaty is already in being. It is a treaty among Western nations and involves only a small edge of the Asian fringe. Beyond it lies the whole of Asia, being driven along other tortured paths diverging, tragically, from our own.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE CORPSE THAT REFUSED TO STAY DEAD *Hampton Stone* (S&S: $2.50)	N.Y. music students' menage goes off pitch with demise of two lady members; Asst. D.A. Gibson queries survivors.	Lip-reading technique adroitly handled; not all characters sharply drawn, but fluent job.	Plus mark
OBIT DELAYED *Helen Nielson* (Ives Washburn: $2.50)	Waitress slaughtered in So. Cal. honky-tonk; other dust-bitings ensue; newshawks follow trail through blood and ink.	Reportorial talent verges on hammy; story has some motion, but nowhere exceeds speed limit.	So-so
DEAD MAN'S PLANS *Mignon G. Eberhart* (Random: $2.50)	Chicago Gold Coast family sniffs at new sister-in-law; murder alters faces.	Captain Waggon (stout fellow) remains courteous, capable, as *crise de nerfs* grips gentry.	Agitated

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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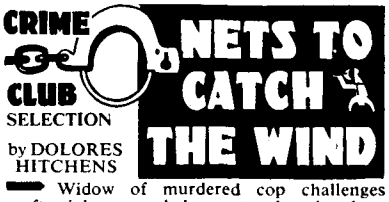

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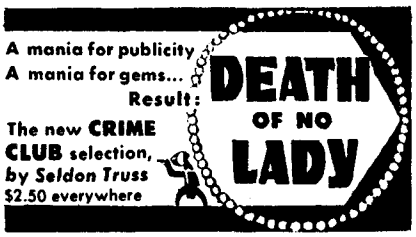

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HOW TO SURVIVE AN ELECTION YEAR

(*Continued from page 8*)

Churchill urged this basic argument on American military or political leaders, they had a tendency to regard his efforts as an attempt to introduce impure political motives into a strictly military matter, and in their reaction to such arguments they had a tendency to feel quite righteous about the purity of our military purpose.

There is one recent exception to the statement that our military memoirs of World War II show a universal tendency to ignore the political consequences of purely military victory. In General Mark W. Clark's "Calculated Risk," he repeatedly stresses his agreement with Churchill's persistent concern with "the soft underbelly of the Axis," with the possibility of military action into the Balkans and up the Danube in pursuit of the tempting political objective of arresting the Russian drive into Central Europe long before their armies reached Prague and Eastern Germany. He describes Churchill's failure to persuade "the highest political leaders"—and this must mean Roosevelt with his excessive concern with "British imperialism" and his blindness for the Russian variety. General Clark also speaks of the decision to shift the Allied armies from Italy into Southern France as "one of the outstanding political mistakes of the war" which "changed the whole history of relations between the Western world and Soviet Russia." These views—which do not appear to have been shared by any of our other military or political leaders—may have been a reflection of Clark's continuous and close association with General Sir Harold Alexander, who seems to have earned a reputation as "the General's General" with our high command.

THE more typical American view is succinctly expressed by General Omar Bradley, who in describing British efforts to clarify political objectives in "A Soldier's Story" says that "as soldiers we looked naively on this British inclination *to complicate the war with political foresight and non-military objectives.*" The choice of the "naively" indicates that a lesson may have been learned. No one should assume that present criticism of General Bradley means that his critics have necessarily learned the same lesson. Senator Taft couples his present criticism of the Joint Chiefs of Staff with the statement that he would prefer to use "the knowledge and experience of General MacArthur," who is clearly the exponent of the most extreme version of the purely military school regarding the use of power. The popularity of MacArthur's direct (military) action philosophy in some isolationist quarters is a good yardstick of the extent to which a large section of the American public has not accepted the priority of clarifying political objectives in spite of the unceasing reiteration of the lesson in the MacArthur hearings.

These are not issues of a partisan or personal sort. They are issues of policy—and of the principles underlying the use of power. The responsibility for the errors of the past lies in a mistaken conception of foreign policy which was widely shared in

both parties, and amongst our civilian as well as military leaders. If we now confuse a discussion of principle with a venomous effort to assign responsibility to individuals for what was basically a naive national tendency to separate the political and military aspects of war, we may supply another example of the tragic debate between the critics and the supporters of the Munich settlement in the British Parliament after the Nazi armies had occupied Paris. It may be recalled that Churchill drew the wings together with the plea that if Englishmen should spend the present quarreling about the past they might well lose the future.

To strengthen the morale of the free world—and to assure America of effective allies—a critical review of our "politics of ideas" is also in order. An effective war of ideas cannot be waged by a ruthless effort to impose our ideas upon others. Its strategy must rather be based on a shrewd search for common ground with our potential allies, and this may often call for a reduced stress on the elements that are unique in the American position. Our present tendency to preach "freedom" and "higher standards of living" to the rest of the benighted world may well lead to the opposite of our intentions. If we desire to widen the area of common ground with Western Europe—or, say, with Australia—it will hardly be helpful to suggest that we think "freedom" is incompatible with Socialism, or that Socialism is essentially the same thing as Stalinism. It may be true that free political and intellectual life is rooted in the dispersed economic control of a competitive economic society—and I certainly believe so—but it is hardly persuasive to Frenchmen or to Australians who have for one reason or another come to believe otherwise.

IN the early nineteenth century, liberal English authors were in the habit of writing about Americans as if they were the emancipated and radical sons of England. No observer can miss in the English literature of today—conservative as well as Socialist—the shared conviction that America is a socially backward country in which a President whose social views are to the right of Britain's conservatives is accused of "Socialism" by his political opponents. These things are not necessarily true because Englishmen or Frenchmen think they are—and Americans who know their own political mores know they are not inevitably so because American politicians indulge in rhetoric of this type. My point is simply that we must deal with our allies' opinion *as it is,* and not as we would like it to be.

The propaganda that associates high American standards of economic productivity with freedom of enterprise—and low standards of living with totalitarianism—has a large element of truth in it, of course. It is misleading, however, and it can lead to wishful thinking at home as well as abroad. In the first place it may lead to envy rather than emulation amongst our possible allies and it may encourage a general willingness to rely too much on the material assistance of this country. In the second place, Soviet Russia would not be a menace to the stability of the free world if its technical proficiency was in fact as low as we sometimes seem to claim. Military experience in World War II did not suggest that we should underrate Russian artillery and tanks, and Korea has taught us something about Russian jet planes.

In any case, the argument that free

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society is materially more productive is morally irrelevant. Even if totalitarian society were diabolically efficient and productive, it would still be evil—and even if free society with its diversified controls were hopelessly outclassed in productivity, it would still be morally preferable. The whole "productivity" argument is a symptom of the degree to which our culture itself has been contaminated with the materialism that is the basic philosophy of our adversaries. Every time I hear the citation of comparative statistics of steel production as the final argument for the strength of free society, I shiver at the evidence it supplies of the reality of Ortega y Gasset's fear of the "barbarians from within," who are a more effective ally of totalitarianism than any forces Stalin can directly command.

Even if we take the comparative statistics of material productivity at their face value, they prove nothing about the technical potential for national defense. In a country that gives priority to steel for pleasure cars over steel for essential school construction, a high material productivity may easily result in a lower steel potential for national defense than in a police state in which defense has a first claim on all national resources. Such over-all materialist arguments may actually lead us to overlook the vital role of will and purpose in the allocation of national and moral priorities.

The heart of the problem is not technological but moral. It is not decisive that Americans have automobiles and television sets while Soviet workers cannot afford an extra pair of shoes. The test of free society is not material abundance but the existence of a proud grasp on moral priorities, and the courage to put first things first. The test of leadership lies in its ability to make full use of the moral resources of the free world.

Perhaps it would be wiser to speak less of "freedom" as—in Lincoln's words—"a pernicious abstraction," and more of the common characteristics of American and Western European society. The relations of the privately and publicly controlled sectors in the American economy have shifted considerably in the United States since the days of Thomas Jefferson, and the idea of a public responsibility for American economic development is as old as Alexander Hamilton's "Report on Manufactures." Abraham Lincoln nationalized the control of the national banking system, and Woodrow Wilson established the Federal Reserve System fully a generation before England and France nationalized their central banks. Political and intellectual freedom are at least as real in France and Great Britain today as they are in the United States, and a Voice of America that showed awareness of these facts would be more persuasive in the establishment of common ground with our potential allies.

Economic and social policies that would help to develop the morale of the non-Stalinist world might be a more effective aid in accomplishing the objectives of American foreign policy than a rigorous insistence on exclusively military objectives. It is after all not a part of our policy to wish to impose our views on everyone else—and we should avoid the appearance of doing so. The primary propaganda "sin" is to set up the USA as the judge—and the yardstick—for everyone else. If we emphasized some of our own difficulties and weaknesses, we would not expose ourselves as readily to the snide reminders of Stalin's fellow-travelers who have access to our own public record and discussion as well as we have. With our developed sense of "public relations," we would hardly make the mistakes at home that have so often characterized our official pronouncements about other countries. The awareness of common ground—in achievements as well as in aspirations—would make it easier to clarify the issues upon which we could hope to insure an effective focusing of shared power by our potential allies as well as by ourselves.

These issues call for clarification. Clarity of ideas is as vital in American policy today as military strength or economic self-control. If there is too much irritation in the spectacle of public men who are responsible for some of the worst errors in the past and who now pose as veritable prophets of wisdom while they preach the same "test of war is victory" doctrine that was Roosevelt's major weakness, there may be a healthy astringent in another Churchill citation—his spontaneous response to a panicky movement in Parliament when it was struck by a German bomb during Churchill's speech on June 20, 1940: "Learn to get used to it. Eels get used to skinning."

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Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. More amusing and strange.	89 5 115 42 70 24 144
B. American poet, author of "Snow-Bound," 1866.	59 186 56 175 138 87 10 19
C. A Portuguese white wine.	41 173 120 53 16 80 104 159
D. The color of the mignonette flower.	32 145 134 157 75 123
E. Commune in France whose siege was lifted by Joan of Arc.	2 37 102 58 143 25 107
F. Members of ancient Teutonic race, between Elbe and Vistula.	83 20 185 60 111
G. Recognized as a right or privilege.	142 109 105 40 67 85 146
H. Goddess of Victory (Gr. relig.).	6 65 121 13
I. State of being open to knowledge or observation by a community.	18 95 183 106 9 172 119 155 125
J. A state of being wildly active.	179 132 1 38 27 50 101
K. State whose motto is, "Our liberties we prize and our rights we will maintain."	141 26 131 129
L. Incorrect designation for a Sumak rug.	12 92 124 64 177 73 166 149
M. Nickname for the state of Wyoming.	4 117 36 61 17 150 99 133

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Any wool not adapted to the mill's *requirements (comp.;* wool mfg.).	91 116 103 76 48 182 167 164
O. Embodiment of the French law, enacted between 1804 and 1810 (2 wds.).	46 170 52 31 148 81 93 128 78
P. Pleaded in protest, reproof, etc.	69 178 158 139 11 96 55 86 108 33 169 23
Q. Drives or thrusts out.	43 94 147 126 63 174
R. Three Latin words with which Julius Caesar announced to the Senate his defeat of Pharnaces, 47 B. C.	162 110 72 98 21 77 3 45 151 51 8 15
S. No longer useful.	68 137 62 30 88 39 153
T. Crested plovers of Europe, Asia, and N. Africa.	161 79 84 14 22 82 154 7
U. Pitched balls that curve upward (baseball).	118 140 100 127 34 35 135 180
V. Author of and chief actor in "The Old Homestead," Boston, 1886.	49 168 181 112 130 66 165 28
W. Wanting in the reserve or restraint that decorum or decency requires.	152 57 44 176 71 160 29 97
X. Paris's wife, a nymph on Mt. Ida, whom he forsook for Helen.	136 163 47 184 114 74
Y. Lower in position.	54 113 90 156 122 171

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 J	2 E	3 R	4 M	5 A	6 H	■	7 T	8 R	9 I	10 B
11 P	12 L	13 H	■	14 T	15 R	16 C	17 M	■	18 I	19 B	20 F	21 R	22 T	23 P	24 A	■
25 E	26 K	■	27 J	28 V	29 W	30 S	31 O	32 D	■	33 P	34 U	■	35 U	36 M	37 E	■
38 J	39 S	40 G	41 C	42 A	43 Q	44 W	■	45 R	46 O	■	47 X	48 N	49 V	■	50 J	51 R
52 O	53 C	54 Y	■	55 P	56 B	57 W	58 E	■	59 B	60 F	61 M	62 S	■	63 Q	64 L	65 H
66 V	■	67 G	68 S	69 P	70 A	71 W	■	72 R	73 L	74 X	75 D	76 N	■	77 R	78 O	■
79 T	■	80 C	81 O	82 T	83 F	■	84 T	85 G	86 P	87 B	88 S	89 A	■	90 Y	91 N	■
92 L	93 O	94 Q	95 !	96 P	97 W	■	98 R	99 M	100 U	101 J	102 E	103 N	■	104 C	105 G	106 I
■	107 E	108 P	109 G	110 R	111 F	112 V	113 Y	114 X	■	115 A	116 N	■	117 M	118 U	119 I	120 C
121 H	■	122 Y	123 D	124 L	125 I	■	126 Q	127 U	128 O	129 K	130 V	■	131 K	132 J	133 M	134 D
■	135 U	136 X	■	137 S	138 B	139 P	140 U	141 K	142 G	■	143 E	144 A	145 D	■	146 G	147 Q
148 O	149 L	150 M	151 R	152 W	153 S	154 T	■	155 I	156 Y	157 D	158 P	159 C	160 W	161 T	162 R	163 X
164 N	■	165 V	166 L	■	167 N	168 V	169 P	170 O	171 Y	■	172 I	173 C	174 Q	175 B	176 W	177 L
178 P	179 J	180 U	■	181 V	182 N	■	183 I	184 X	185 F	186 B	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 41 of this issue

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IRVING KOLODIN

Will Report On

"Music in America"

for SR Readers
from Coast to Coast

IN THE EAR to the ground department, there are few Americans with more experience than Irving Kolodin, who weekly gives SR readers the inside on what he calls "Music to My Ears." Last summer Kolodin followed the wayward vibrations to London, Vienna, Amsterdam, Paris, and Perpignan, finding things both expected and unexpected; this summer he's decided to turn his back (and his ears) on Europe and explore the vast area of music-making between the Hudson and the Sacramento (give or take a few rivers).

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to

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